Thirty Days in the Land of the Mikado

By

Edward Valentine Price

Illustrated

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Foreword

I wish to impress upon all that I am not following in the footsteps of many of our British cousins who, after making a thirty-day tour of our own country, return home and proceed to write a history of the U. S. A. This is merely a daily log, hastily written, where I have jotted down a few of the many sights that came under my observation and how they impressed me at the time. Much of my information is meager and no doubt many of my conclusions not technically correct, but as this little log will not be the foundation for a text book, or the basis of any political campaign, it will probably pass for what it is intended, merely a few moments' entertainment for those of my friends who can not, as well as those who will not, spare the time necessary to make this delightful tour.

Edward Valentine Price

The photographs in this log, with the exception of that of the Overland Limited and Wreck of the Dakota, were taken by Mrs. Price and myself with an Eastman Pocket Kodak.

—*E. V. P.*

Saturday Eve., February 23, 1907

We boarded the Overland Limited, The Chicago & Northwestern Line, at 8:02 p. m., Wells Street station, and began our journey to the Orient. Good byes were said to kind friends who came to see us off. We scattered our belongings around the spacious drawing room in a home-like manner and prepared to make ourselves quite comfortable during the three days' trip to San Francisco.

Our baggage consisted of two medium sized steamer trunks; a small basket trunk containing our steamer rugs and coats; one traveling bag each, umbrellas and an Eastman pocket camera. Besides our regular Winter clothing we carried a small supply of Spring clothing.

Our money consisted of a book each of American Express Company checks in $20 and $50 denominations; a letter of credit on London made payable to the order of either myself or wife. (Very few Japanese banks keep accounts in America, usually only in New York and San Francisco,

The Overland Limited

but they all have a London account.) A comfortable night's rest fitted us for our first day's travel.

Sunday, February 24

We had an early breakfast in the dining car just as the broad lowlands of the Missouri Valley came in sight. Reached Omaha on time, but left there two hours late. The entire day was spent traveling the rising grades across Nebraska to the Rocky Mountains. Although double-tracked much of the way to Cheyenne, the Union Pacific is unable to handle its immense traffic, and we lost in place of gaining time.

Monday, February 25

Found us crossing the rolling plains of Wyoming, three hours late. Green River, the Continental divide, the Bear River Valley, Echo Cannon were passed, and the beautiful Wasatch range loomed in sight at dusk. Ogden was reached in a blinding rain, five hours behind time.

Tuesday, February 26

The most of the previous night and the better part of the day were spent crossing the State of Nevada, noted chiefly for its two United States Senators, and its small population. It did not sound altogether like a joke when one traveler who made the remark: "I don't see why God ever made the State of

Nevada," received the reply: "It was not God but Congress who made the State of Nevada." We went through the forty miles of snow sheds across the Sierra Nevadas in the afternoon, and within the space of a few minutes passed quickly from the regions of perpetual snow to the blooming orchards in the valleys of California, landing in Oakland safely, but four hours late, at 11 p. m.

Wednesday, February 27

We stopped with friends in Oakland, spent the day in San Francisco sight-seeing and completing the arrangements made in Chicago for our transportation to Japan and return. One must see San Francisco to appreciate the fearful havoc wrought by the earthquake. We are so accustomed to reading of floods, famine, earthquakes and great disasters resulting in terrific loss of life and property that we cannot fully comprehend what it means by merely reading the reports of newspapers. Even after seeing the hundreds of gaunt walls of the once beautiful buildings, the millions of tons of twisted steel and iron, the piles of debris covering a space of four or five miles, one cannot, without serious reflection, begin to realize what it all means. The once dazed and terror-stricken inhabitants are beginning to move with the same unconquerable "I Will" spirit that made Chicago rise from the disaster of thirty-five

years ago, but it is almost pitiful to note the desperate efforts being made to bring order out of an almost endless sea of chaos.

We visited the Pacific Mail steamship "China," on which we were to make our home for the next five or six days; our stateroom being No. 22 on the "China" to Honolulu, where we remained eight days; sailing from Honolulu to Yokohama on the Pacific Mail steamship "Mongolia," stateroom No. 89. We chose the Pacific Mail route from San Francisco, rather than the shorter route via Great Northern Steamship Co. from Seattle, on account of it being so much milder, the former at no time passing any further north than San Francisco latitude, while the latter, by making a great circle to the north, passing in sight of the Alutian Islands, shortens the distance several hundred miles from Seattle to Yokohama, but is a cold, damp, disagreeable route at almost any time of the year.

Pacific Mail S. S. "China"

Thursday, February 28

This being sailing day, we left Oakland early, crossed the ferry to San Francisco, and drove to the Pacific Mail docks, where we met a number of friends who had kindly come to wish us *bon voyage*. After attending to our baggage and having it placed in our stateroom, we returned to the deck to say our last good byes to friends, and watch other passengers do likewise. The much-traveled Englishman, German, Hindoo and the Chinaman all seemed to have some acquaintance in San Francisco as well as ourselves and other Americans. Boxes of flowers and telegrams poured aboard the last few minutes. Promptly at 1 p. m. a big gong sounded; the deck steward cried "all ashore!" The big first officer on the bridge bellowed out "cast off!" the tackle creaked, the gangway cleared the ship's side, and as the big rope cable slipped, a lady by my side said: "There goes the last string." The big ship backed slowly away from the dock for a few hundred feet, swung around, the engines were reversed, we waved our last adieus to friends, and we were really on our journey to the Orient.

Things oriental were in evidence at once. A big Chinese gong, manipulated by an almond-eyed celestial, announced "tiffin,"

our first Japanese word, meaning lunch. Everybody present. We hurried through our lunch and returned to the upper deck with our field-glasses to get a farewell glimpse of San Francisco and the harbor, the Presidio and Cliff House on the port side and the lighthouses on Pt. Bonita on the starboard side as we passed through the Golden Gate into the great Pacific. A few miles out and the grizzly old pilot who had brought us safely out of the harbor, said good bye, passed over the side of the ship on the rope ladder, and deftly swung himself into a rowboat that came out from a lightship anchored near our course. Taking a westerly course, the shores of California soon faded away and the Farlone Islands, seen on a clear day from the Cliff House, were passed about 4:30 p. m.

We hunted up the ship's postmaster, found several letters and telegrams from friends at home, wishing us a pleasant journey and a safe return. Nothing is appreciated more than a message from friends as you step aboard a ship for a long journey. We put on our big stormcoats and until dark, from the upper deck, watched the incoming steamers and sailing craft headed for San Francisco harbor.

Friday, March 1.

After a fairly good night's rest, found us headed in a S. W. course with a stiff breeze at our heels. Only three of the eight passengers belonging at our table were present at breakfast; one a Frenchman with a German accent, who had traveled extensively, and an old lady, seventy-seven years of age, from Galena, Ill., and myself. We elected the old lady commodore of the fleet and she never missed a meal during the entire voyage to Honolulu.

Nothing to do, so I began to find out what I could about our ship. I learned she was built in Glasgow seventeen years ago for George Gould, but was not quite fast enough to suit him and was sold to the Pacific Mail Co. She is 440 feet long, 11,000 tons displacement, rigged with four masts, two crossed with yards holding sails; three decks above water, the promenade being very comfortable; very roomy between decks, making the ceilings of cabins and staterooms extraordinarily high. For years was the finest and fastest steamship on the Pacific. The officers are all European and the crew of 160 men, Asiatic; firemen, sailors, cooks and waiters, Chinese; the cabin boys, Japanese. The Commander, Capt. Friele, has been in the company's employ thirty years—a rough looking old salt, and a fine disciplinarian.

Chinese sailors are splendid workers. During the heavy wind of March 1st and 2nd, which was in a favorable direction, the sail, seldom used, was hoisted, giving us a chance to see the Chinese sailors work aloft. Dressed in oriental style, loose blouse, all wearing the historic cue—they looked like monkeys swinging around on the masts. They are all employed at Hong Kong, and are not permitted to land in San Francisco. The steamship company is required to give the government a bond of $500 on each Chinese sailor entering San Francisco harbor, guaranteeing that each one will be returned to Hong Kong. They are said to be very reliable and are much liked by all ship officers, many of the present crew having been on the "China" ever since she was built. I am told, however, that at critical times they

At Sea, Chinese Sailor going aloft

always become panic-striken, and frequently in case of accident it becomes necessary to use extreme measures to restore order. I noticed at the fire drill the officers all had big revolvers strapped on them.

The only excitement of the day was a fight between two Chinese aft on the lower deck. One had a monkey-wrench, the other a big bottle. When I went below the one with the monkey-wrench was seated on a box and the ship's surgeon was sewing up his head. Although there was no referee, it looked to me as though the Chinaman with the big bottle had won.

Our passenger list consisted of sixty-five first cabin; forty Asiatic and fifteen European steerage; 3,000 tons of freight for Hong Kong and Manila.

San Francisco lies between latitude 38 and 40 N. The Hawaiian Islands between Latitude 20 and 24 N.; just inside the Tropic of Cancer in the torrid zone, 2,080 miles S. W. of San Francisco. On our maps they seem directly west of the lower part of the peninsula of lower California. The big compass on forward deck indicated a S. W. course. The breeze that had followed us all day, stiffened into a blow by night. Made 340 miles by noon the first day.

Saturday, March 2

Dawned in a perfect gale that continued all day and night. The waves rolled mountain high, looking at times as though they would overwhelm us, but the good ship never varied from her course, riding the rough sea like a gull. All day the big steamer rolled and tossed, wave after wave broke over us; the decks were wet and slippery; all entrances on port side were locked, for the deck on that side was unsafe; the few steamer chairs on the starboard side were lashed so they could not slip off; more officers than passengers in sight; not over half a dozen passengers were on deck; only seventeen showed up in the dining cabin. The old lady of seventy-seven did not miss a meal. She seemed to think many more could have come down had they tried. After "tiffin" I managed to get Mrs. P. on deck in a steamer chair, but she could see nothing "grand" in the spectacle as I had described it, being too sick to even hold her head up.

At 3 p. m. we sighted on port side the "Nippon Maru," a Japanese passenger steamer, but under lease by Pacific Mail Steamship Co., from Japan and Honolulu, bound for San Francisco. She was not as fortunate as the steamer "China," having to face the gale that was following us. We could, with our glasses, see her rise on the big waves, then

she would pass entirely out of our sight but all the time with her nose pointed right into the storm. She was then sixteen hours behind time, lost since leaving Honolulu, while we were speeding along before the wind with our great sails set, ahead of time.

The big white sea gulls seen off the coast of California had long since deserted us and their places taken by species of a brown color and with much longer wings. Night and day these scavengers of the sea follow the trackless path of big steamers and seem to know the hour for meal-time fully as well as passengers. Made 360 miles by noon second day.

Sunday, March 3

The storm of the past thirty-six hours subsided about noon, although it continued so rough no one could walk the promenade deck on port side until late in the afternoon, when so many strange faces began to appear that those of us who had been on deck constantly began to wonder if during the night a stop had not been made some place and more passengers taken aboard. None had been "seasick," however, but some acknowledged having had a severe headache. From the groans I had heard during the past forty-eight hours I fully expected at least a dozen funerals at sea. An uneventful day, no services

on board. By night only a gentle breeze followed us, the stars shone brightly and the beautiful evening was passed by the revived passengers lounging on the promenade decks in groups, chatting and singing familiar airs. Made 376 miles by noon.

Monday, March 4

Everybody up for breakfast; quite a few who had tender recollections dined on deck. The Frenchman with German accent and proclivities, at our table, has an appetite that is the wonder of the ship. He eats everything on the bill of fare. He is a good sailor and during the storm he ordered double portions—seemed to think on such occasions the company could well afford it on account of the limited number of passengers who paid and refused to eat; has traveled much and makes a very agreeable companion, for he has a stock of good stories and his peculiar accent adds a good flavor to them. Another very agreeable steamer acquaintance we found in Miss Latham, of Pueblo, Colo., a bright, well educated young woman, a graduate of Chicago University, on a pleasure trip enroute to Hong Kong. An ideal day, the most perfect we ever saw at sea; one of the kind described by the ad writers for big ocean liners, always looked forward to by travelers, but seldom seen, and never forgotten. Now in latitude 26° 46′ N., longitude 147° 57′ W. Made 367 miles during past twenty-four hours.

Tuesday, March 5

Dawned on us well down in the tropics. The N. E. trade wind that has followed us ever since leaving the California coast, sometimes blowing over us harshly, sometimes only a fanning breeze, but always full of ozone, made us forget we were rapidly passing from the frozen north into the torrid zone. As we near the equator, the sunrise as well as the sunset, is wonderfully brilliant, and the sky and the ocean of the deepest blue. The mission of the trade winds is a beneficent one; it softens the heat of the equatorial and tempers the cold of the frozen regions, making equitable conditions. We are nearing the end of the first part of our long voyage, being 1,800 miles from San Francisco and 300 from Honolulu. Our captain does not want to drop anchor in Honolulu before 9 a. m. tomorrow, so our sails are furled and we are moving along slowly under steam. Latitude 21° 18′ N. Made 367 miles the last twenty-four hours.

Wednesday, March 6

The big gong sounded an early call at 6 a. m. The Hawaiian Islands sighted. A mist was falling, light clouds overhung the mountain tops, obscuring a good view of these mid-sea dots as we steamed into the harbor of Honolulu at 8:30 a. m. Here a rigid

inspection is made by quarantine officers, much more so than on the Atlantic coast. No ship surgeon's declaration goes. All the crew and steerage passengers are lined up on the lower deck, and cabin passengers lined up in the dining salon. As each one's name is called, he or she walks past the quarantine officials. There was some little protest by a lady living on the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Kenwood Avenue, Chicago, who did not happen to be dressed, but the officers kindly delayed matters some twenty minutes and waited her convenience. She must have a very patient husband. We landed quietly at the dock at 9:30 a. m., without any of the loud, noisy orders given by Atlantic liners when docking. The Chinese sailors have all been with the ship so long they do their work

Honolulu Harbor

quickly and quietly without giving the big first officer any chance whatever to make the passengers believe that he is the man who shoveled all the coal and did all the other work on the entire voyage from San Francisco.

We were agreeably surprised in the Albert Young Hotel, a large, modern, up-to-date hotel, managed in the very best of style, better than anything we saw in Italy and far ahead of anything found in Japan. Here we received the first news of the loss of the "Dakota" of the Great Northern Steamship Co. line, off the Japan coast. I had figured on sailing on her from Seattle, but gave up the idea after finding we could not get away in time. Sent a cablegram home announcing our safe arrival; called on our customer and went for a short automobile ride.

Albert Young Hotel, Honolulu

Thursday, March 7

Arose early and climbed "Punch Bowl" hill, an extinct volcano crater lying two miles back of the city and commanding a good view of the surrounding country and the harbor. In order to fully understand our location, I will say: The Hawaiian Islands are eight in number, all inhabited. Hawaii is the largest and most southerly one of the group, being about seventy-five miles wide by ninety in length. On it are the great volcanoes Mauna Kea, 14,000 feet; Mauna Loa, 13,600 feet, and Kilauea, 10,000 feet. The latter is active and is reached from Hilo, the largest city on the island of Hawaii and the second in size on the group. As it takes a full week to make the round trip from Honolulu to see this volcano, we were, on account of lack of time, compelled to pass it by, very much to our regret.

Honolulu, from Punch Bowl Hill

Honolulu, the largest city on the group and the principal port of entry, lies on the south side of Oahu, the second in size and

the most productive island of the archipelago. Between the islands of Hawaii and Oahu lay the islands of Maui and Lania and Molokai. The latter is where the famous leper settlement is located. The most northerly one of the group is Kauai. On all of the islands are many small fertile valleys with thousands of acres of tillable land, capable of producing many valuable products, such as rice, sugarcane, tobacco, coffee, bananas and pineapples. Very little of this land is held by private ownership, most of it being crown lands that will revert to the Hawaiian government as soon as the leases of varying periods expire.

Honolulu is quite a nice city of 40,000 inhabitants; well laid out; many good substantial big buildings; good schools; first-class street car system. They have a splendid

Statue of Kamehameha the First, and Capitol Building, formerly the Royal Palace, Honolulu

board of health and preserve rigid quarantine. The Hawaiian Islands, being in mid-ocean, on a direct line from North and South American ports to the Orient, every known disease at some time during the year finds its way into this port, hence the great danger to Honolulu. The bubonic plague was transmitted from India ten years ago and became an epidemic. It became necessary to burn a portion of the oriental quarter; they lost control of the fire and the entire district of many blocks was destroyed. The climate is tropical, but regulated by trade winds from the north; seldom showing over 87° or under 60°.

Entrance to Tomb of Kalakaua, last King of Hawaii

The leper island of Molokai, which is quite large, receives but passing notice in all guide books and the leper settlement is never mentioned. The leper settlement, I am told, is located in a great canon, accessible only at the harbor entrance, and has a population of about 2,000. They are comfortably provided for and receive

good medical attention, but of no avail. Science has as yet failed to stop the ravages of this fearful disease. Since it is an established fact that disease germs can be carried and distributed by mosquitoes, the authorities here hold that leprosy is spread in the same manner. Regardless of their wealth or influence, all leper suspects are rounded up by the Honolulu board of health from all the islands, and are either moved to Molokai or given the chance to migrate, which they can do to the west, for in Japan they are unmolested.

The islands are now organized under a territorial form of government and have a delegate in Congress. Their history is very short, dating back to 1778, when discovered by Capt. Cook. Royalty developed shortly after,

Pearl Harbor, site of proposed Naval Station

beginning with Kamehameha the First, an uneducated chief who got pointers from sailors who visited the islands after their discovery. He developed quickly, conquered all the other islands; set up a kingdom, educated his heirs abroad, and his successors ruled down to Queen Liliuokaulini, who was dethroned by the revolution in 1893, which was followed by annexation in 1898. Kalakaua, the last king, who died at the Palace hotel in San Francisco in 1891, was a highly educated man.

The natives bear no resemblance to Japanese, but are undoubtedly of Malay extraction The best authorities are of the opinion that they originally came from Polynesia. The Malays built enormous canoes and sails made of bark and understood how to navigate by aid of the stars, and probably discovered these islands and peopled them. The native Hawaiians are a genial, good-hearted people, but they are fast passing away. It is estimated that they now number less than 30,000. Japanese are now

Umbrella Tree

numerically the strongest foreign race on the islands.

I find here, as in California, a very decided aversion to the Japs, and I believe that the opinion of the people who are on the ground, on this or any other subject, should always have the preference over the opinion of those who live at a distance and get information in a second-handed manner. Chinese formerly outnumbered, but no more can land since annexation. Those that were here at the time of annexation can remain, but cannot go to the mainland. Their children can, however, being accorded equal rights with all native-born Hawaiians regardless of parentage. Every few days a steamer lands a few hundred Japs, a bareheaded bunch with wooden sandals on their feet, and wearing a kimono that looks like a bath robe. On arrival they are hustled off to a Jap hotel, where Jap merchants soon tog them up in the style of American citizens, and, clothed in their new glad rags, they go sight-seeing in bunches of a dozen or so. It is easy to see that they have just landed, for

Hawaiian Children met on trail to Punch Bowl Hill

Yankee shoes are difficult for them to navigate in. Soon as possible they ship for the mainland. It is now difficult for those whose passports are for the islands to get to America, so they go via Puget Sound to Canada and get in some way.

I fancy if some of the advocates of citizenship for Jap emigrants could see these people as they land, they would hesitate about conferring on them, in five short years, the responsibility of assisting native-born citizens of the United States in selecting their rulers. Unless conditions change, and very quickly, too, we will have a full-fledged Japanese colony in the Hawaiian Islands, and another negro problem on our hands, for they will never assimilate, but will always remain a slant-eyed Jap, and not of the best type either. Ten years from now we will hold up our hands

Japs at work in Sugarcane Field near Honolulu

and say, "Why did we do it?" Men on the ground, who understand the situation, say unless our government discontinues conceding important advantages, the Japanese will not only control our Pacific possessions, but the trade of the Pacific as well, which is their ultimate purpose.

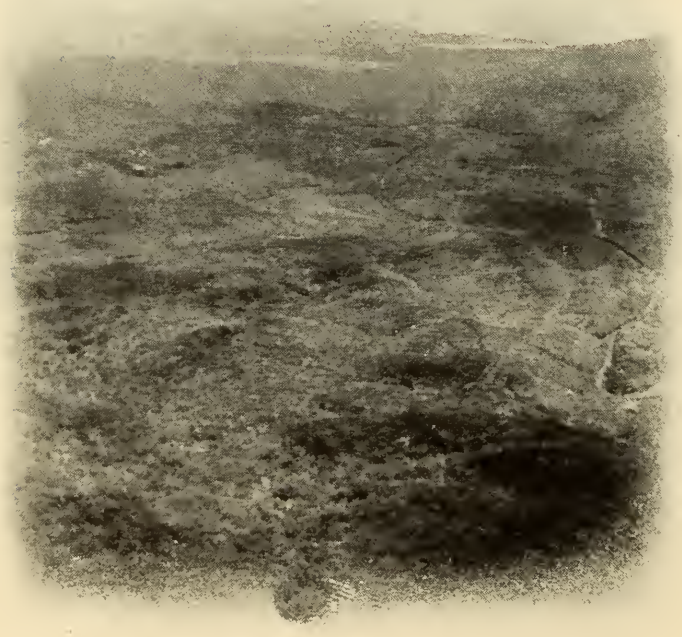
Everyone seems satisfied with annexation, and the many complications resulting from their former unstable government are being adjusted. Congress recently made heavy appropriations for harbor improvements and will establish a strong naval station here. The government collects about $1,500,000 in custom duties from the group and, I am told, spends about $300,000 per annum in maintaining the island government. The balance is all clear gain, for the Hawaiians have no chance to be benefited by our tariff laws, as they export no manufactured goods but sugar, and that was admitted to

The Pali of Nuuana

U. S. A. free before annexation. All authorities claim our government should make this the most important naval base on the Pacific.

Friday, March 8

Found out today that my films, my first attempt at photography, are spoiled. Am almost tempted to resign my position as official photographer. Secured an automobile and took a run to "The Pali of Nuuanu," a great cliff some six miles east, that overlooks the eastern part of the island, the scene of a famous battle between rival chiefs. Rainy and cloudy, and the view was obscured. Went west to Moanalua, a magnificent tropical estate, and got a glimpse of a large sugar plantation.



View from the Summit of the Pali, Honolulu

Saturday, March 9

Made another walk to the "Punch Bowl;" am getting some pointers on photography—always carry my camera, for there are so many places of interest I would like pictures of. In the afternoon we drove to the summit of Mount Tantalus, six miles. Here and there along the mountain road, on almost inaccessible spots, are many quaint bungalow cottages, summer homes of those who delight among the beautiful scenery. We invited Miss Latham, the young lady who had been at our table on the steamer, to accompany us. A fine view from the summit of almost every nook and corner of the south side of the island, including Pearl Harbor, the proposed naval station.

Summit Mount Tantalus

Sunday, March 10

Being a clear day, we again drove to the Pali, being anxious to see the famous view, and were well repaid for making the second trip. The great cliff is at the eastern end of the Nuuanu valley, which is a mile wide at the sea, narrowing away to 200 feet at the top, where it drops 1,000 feet perpendicular. Beyond the cliff is a fertile plain extending to the east coast. It was over this cliff that Kamehameha the First drove the king of Oahu and his army of 3,000 men to death and conquered the island. Put in the afternoon visiting the Bishop museum, said to contain the most extensive collection of Polynesian exhibits in the world. Some of the grass and bark work is unique, useful and wonderful. Mats of handsome design, fishnets and cordage are the most interesting.

Sugar Mills, Honolulu Plantation Company

Met many steamer acquaintances, all busy sight-seeing. Wound up the day by visiting the oriental quarter of Honolulu, the second largest district of its kind under the American flag, being next in size to San Francisco's Chinatown. It covers many blocks filled with markets, shops, wholesale and retail stores, dealing principally in oriental goods; hotels, an occasional theatre and joss house—to all intents and purposes a foreign land, with the exception that the authorities make them live up to the sanitary laws and the streets and alleys are of regulation width.

The Chinese were formerly in control, but are now giving way to the Japanese, whose numbers are increasing, while the number of Chinese is not. Many of the Hawaiian Chinese are fine looking. A large number have discarded the historic cue, adopted the

Chinatown, Honolulu—Chinese Band playing on the Balcony

garb of the European, educated their children and live quite decently. The Chinese boys working at the Albert Young Hotel wore white flannel and duck suits cut in the latest style. Their accent is good, they are very obliging and polite and exceptionally neat in appearance, and are about as good waiters as we ever saw. For several days we thought them native Hawaiian boys.

We spent a few minutes in the government building, formerly the king's palace, built by the last members of the royal family. Saw some oil paintings by the best French masters, of all the various royal rulers.

Monday, March 11

Engaged an automobile and rode some sixteen miles through the sugar plantation district. By having an automoblile we were able to see every phase of sugar plantation farming, from preparing the ground to making the sugar. We had letters of introduction,

Plantation Railroad—Cars loaded with Sugarcane bound for Mill

and were shown through the big sugar mill and refinery of the Honolulu Sugar Plantation Co., a million dollar plant. Saw the cane unloaded, ground to pulp, the juice extracted, boiled, reduced to sugar and sacked ready for shipment to San Francisco to be refined. Their own refinery will soon be completed, and they will then be the only company in the world that will raise sugar-cane and refine the product. They have 9,000 acres under cultivation, plowed by steam plows. The cane is cultivated and cut by Japs and Chinese (some women work in the fields), who are paid $18 to $22 per month. Chinese are preferred on plantations, for they work without being watched. Japs make better mill hands, for they are stronger. They also make better teamsters, for a mule and a Jap get along very well together. The plantation

Rice Field near Honolulu

mules come from Oregon and California; cost $500 to $600 a pair. Every plantation has its own little railroad pulling the cane from the field to the mills. The sugar bags come from India, cost six cents each, and when sewed full of sugar weigh about 125 pounds. Much of the mill machinery is made in Honolulu. The laborers live in small villages, and are transported to and from their work on the plantation railroads.

The sugar is worth about $3.60 per hundredweight. Some records of sixty tons to the acre have been made, but the average is very much less. Irrigation is usually necessary, and much care is required to handle a crop, and the profits are not large. Planters claim to have made no money for two years. I note that nearly all sugar plantations are incorporated and the stock speculated in.

U. S. Army Transport "Sherman" at Honolulu

I also note a middleman in the game between the plantation and the market. These coms or brokers, as they are called, control the docks, have a pull with the steamship companies, buy all the plantation machinery and supplies, sell and ship all their products. Strange coincidence, but in many cases the heads of the sugar plantations are also interested in these brokerage and commission firms, which may account for the small plantation stockholder not getting satisfactory dividends.

Tuesday, March 12

Visited "Diamond Head," an extinct volcano on southeastern point of the island; clear day and had a fine view of Molokai and Lanai, the two islands laying ninety miles to the south; passed the Moani Hotel on Waikiki Beach, five miles out. This beach

U. S. Army Transport "Thomas" at Honolulu

is famous for surf bathing, and the hotel is very popular, but is located near the rice fields and the mosquitoes are at times very hostile. Returned and saw the army transport "Sherman" sail for San Francisco, and secured some good snap-shots of the army transport "Thomas" just in from San Francisco, bound for Manila with the Tenth Cavalry (colored) on board. They had a fine band with them, and we enjoyed listening to some good music on the docks while guard-mount was going on.

Wednesday, March 13

News came that the "Mongolia" left San Francisco one day late; will not reach Honolulu until Friday, so we engaged the automobile and, with Miss Latham, went to visit the pineapple plantations. The roads were fine, and a run of twenty-five miles brought us to the Tropic Fruit Company plantation at Wahiawa, the largest on the island. They have about 4,000 acres under cultivation. The industry is new, but no doubt has a fine future. The soil, I am told, is well adapted for the fruit, no irrigation is necessary

Pineapple Plantation, Island Oahu

and much suitable land is available. This company is but three years old, but has gone into the business in a scientific way and expects to double the acreage in two years. They have been shipping the whole pineapples to the mainland, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, but have put in modern machinery and are preparing to pack their product right here.

The fruit is larger than Cuban or Florida fruit and better flavored; they claim they are even better than Singapore, the best pineapples in the world. About 4,000 apples are produced to an acre. In packing for select market, they are sliced by machinery into long strips, an inch square, and packed in glass jars. This, I am told, is the proper way to cut a pineapple; it cuts with the grain. The glass jars used come all the way from Wheeling, W. Va.; the sugar used is all refined; raised on the Island, shipped to San Francisco, refined and shipped back.

On our way back to Honolulu we passed Wahiawa, a dam built by one of the sugar plantations for storing water for irrigation purposes. The island of Oahu, though only 650 miles square, is very fertile and has thousands of acres of land lying idle, which in time will be producing a class of products for which there is usually a good market.

We passed several groups of Jap children on their way home from school and attempted to photograph them, but as soon as they saw the kodak they all ran away. We reached Honolulu safely at 5 p. m., having had a thoroughly enjoyable day.

Thursday, March 14

Only twenty-four hours more on this beautiful spot. We are reluctant to leave, and did our packing with much regret. Spent the day visiting Kapiolani Park, in which is a remarkable collection of tropical growths; also one of the most interesting aquariums in the world, a collection of fish unique in form and colorings.

Friday, March 15

From the roof garden of our hotel, with my field glasses, at an early hour I saw the S. S. "Mongolia" enter the harbor, and the S. S. "Ohio," with an excursion party from Los Angeles, only two miles further out. Sent our trunks properly labeled "Stateroom 89" to the wharf and proceeded to take our last look at Honolulu. A native feast, "The Luan," was being held in a beautiful park for the benefit of a maternity home. Many native dishes, including "poia", were served in ancient native style, minus knives and forks, everyone using their fingers. I was willing, but Mrs. P.

preferred dining at another table in the manner we were accustomed to. The home was founded by a sister of Liliuokaulani, the last Hawaiian queen. She has always maintained a great interest in its success, and she, with other members of the royal family, was present. They were seated under an open canopy, where she sold her autograph and permitted snap-shots to be taken for one dollar each for the home fund. I secured two good kodak pictures of the party. She is a swarthy-featured, kind-faced old lady of probably sixty, dressed in a loose black silk gown, worn so much by the people in this warm climate. Wore a beautiful hat and a little plain gold jewelry. Our government gave her a million or so when she surrendered

"Luan" (Feast) at Honolulu—Queen Liliuokaulani in center

her royal rights. I am told she is very charitable and provides for numerous relatives who lost their incomes through annexation, but she is also quite shrewd and is trying to get congress to recognize her claim to crown lands worth twenty millions or so, which the government claims were included in the transfer of the crown rights and are now the property of the Hawaiian government.

We listened to a native band of fine musicians that recently visited the United States, a splendid orchestra, including many native instruments, accompanied by good vocalists. The native music is soft and mellow, with little effort at high notes. After taking snapshots at these closing scenes of our visit, we went aboard at 4 p. m., watched the busy scene of loading freight, supplies and baggage, and when the last passenger was aboard and the gang-plank swung, and the big ship began to move, we went on the upper deck and saw the harbor of Honolulu grow indistinct and the island of Oahu, as it seemed to slip into the sea.

The memories of the magnificent landscapes, the beautiful foliage, the soft air and the genial people of the Hawaiian Islands will never be forgotten. Not one beggar asking for alms did we see, not one harsh word spoken by the natives did we hear during the

ten days we spent among our new-found possessions in the far-away Pacific, and they certainly were "found," for not an American gun was fired or a drop of American blood was shed when this group of fertile islands became a part of our domain.

Saturday, March 16

Our course from Honolulu was set in a N. W. direction. The day was very pleasant, although quite a stiff breeze was blowing from the port side. The "Mongolia" is one of the two largest ships owned by the Pacific Mail Company; built in 1904, at Camden, N. J., by the New York Ship Building Co. She is 28,000 tons, or nearly three times the size of the "China;" modern and up-to-date as compared to big Atlantic liners; carried a cargo of 15,000 tons; 11,000 tons of raw

View from Lifeboat Deck over Forward Deck—S. S. "Mongolia" leaving Honolulu

cotton for Kobe, Japan; machinery, leather and manufacturing goods formed the balance. On account of her size and heavy load she had very little motion and scarcely any vibration. Capt. Hathaway in command, formerly on Ward Line, New York to Panama; on his second voyage to Hong Kong. Nearly all officers are also new on this ship. The ship was run on a reef on Midway Island a few weeks ago and came near being lost. Officers in charge at that time were suspended and changed to other ships. Damage has been temporarily repaired and they expect to put her in dry dock in July, and spend $300,000 on her. Her companion ship, the "Manchuria," was wrecked near Honolulu recently, but finally got to San Francisco, where $600,000 is now being spent on her.

Playing Shuffleboard at Sea—S. S. "Mongolia"

We have a full passenger list, 225 first cabin, 400 in oriental steerage; every stateroom filled. Many passengers who boarded at Honolulu, who had not secured accommodations in advance, were subjected to much discomfort. Husbands in one, wives in another stateroom, three and four strangers often together. For our part, I made every provision in advance for our entire trip from San Francisco to Japan and return. We are in No. 89, with upper and lower berth; and a large lounge on which I preferred to sleep rather than in the upper berth.

At noon were 240 miles from Honolulu.

Sunday, March 17

We have on board about twenty ministers and twenty missionaries, with their families, among them Dr. David Spencer, of the Methodist Publishing Company, Tokio, and Bishop Cranston, of the M. E. Church. They are bound for Shanghai to attend a centennial celebration of the opening of the missions in the orient. Services were held in the oriental quarter on the aft deck at 10 a. m. Dr. Twang, in charge of Presbyterian missions, Honolulu, spoke in Chinese, and Dr. Spencer in Japanese.

The orientals are permitted to gamble on the ship by the company, otherwise they would not patronize the line. Dice, fantan, and roulette are their favorite pastime; four roulette wheels are manipulated on this ship.

Our cabin boy, a youth about forty years of age, broke one bank, capital $250. The gamblers suspended operations thirty minutes while the missionaries talked to them. The "Ah Lungs," "Ah Lees" and quite a number of the "Ah Sin" families were present.

Services were held in forward social hall at 11 a. m. A good piano and many splendid voices, a short talk and never-to-be-forgotten collection ended a novel mid-ocean scene. A lecture at 8:30 p. m. by Rev. Wilber F. Crofts, Washington, D. C., on the effort being made by the leading nations to suppress the opium traffic, was well attended and interesting, although many of his statements were contradicted at a later date by Secretary Wooster, of the Philippine commission.

Made 367 miles by noon.

Lining up Steerage Passengers for Doctor's Inspection

Monday, March 18

Smooth sea, air much cooler as we pass away from the tropics to the northwest. Duck trousers and light clothing, somewhat in evidence at Honolulu, have disappeared. Tomorrow we pass the 180th meridian and drop a day. In other words, we pass from Monday to Wednesday. Would have been tough on the missionaries had it happened on Sunday.

Made 360 miles by noon.

Tuesday, March 19

Did not happen here.

Wednesday, March 20

Crossed the meridian and never felt it; dropped a day and never missed it. Some people would like to have the 180th meridian around handy so they could drop a day every once in a while. Missionaries hold daily meetings in the dining cabin, where someone lectures on a subject of interest to all. Some well-educated and well-traveled men among them, and many of the subjects are well handled and worth listening to. Some objections to the meetings were made by other passengers. The purser notified them they would have to be discontinued, but a compromise was effected, dropping out the

notices, singing, praying, and moving from the social hall to the dining cabin, so everybody is happy. It all goes to show that people of radically different ideas of life can live together and occupy a very small space.

Graphophones are now playing ragtime music. Ah Sin is keeping his countrymen from dying with melancholy with his roulette wheel, and while the almond-eyed celestials are rolling the little ball on the wheel of chance on the aft deck, the spiritual advisers of the world's great nations are in the dining cabin listening to a lecture on how Christian England made war on heathen China because they objected to opening their markets to England's opium traffic.

A busy day. Made 363 miles by noon. The big ship stopped at midnight, the officers appeared in uniform, the Episcopal service was read according to the rules of the Company, and a Japanese passenger who had died during the day was buried at sea.

Fortifications, Yokohama Harbor

Thursday, March 21

Sun crossed the equator today, a very pleasant day, no disturbance in sight up to noon; made 353 miles by noon. At 2 p. m. the barometer began falling rapidly and every preparation was made for the equinoctial storm, seldom escaped in these waters; all the awnings taken down, chained up all the loose material on decks, gangways lashed securely.

In the evening listened to a splendid address by Secretary Wooster, of the Philippine Commission. He has been there many years and has had much experience on the islands. He sharply criticized the missionary work as now being prosecuted in the islands, made a strong plea for their co-operation on more sane lines, emphatically contradicted the statements made by Dr. Croft Sunday evening in reference to the condition of the opium traffic on the islands. His address was received in a very frigid manner by the missionaries who had invited him to speak. None of them asked a question, only two thanked him when he concluded. Bishop Cranston, who, by the way, impressed me as a very narrow-minded man, walked right past him and snubbed him, merely, I presume, because he did not agree with him. Dozens of other passengers, however, did show their appreciation of his address.

Friday, March 22

Blowing all right this morning, strong head wind, can't walk the upper deck. Saw big whale 10 a. m. on port side. Made 340 miles by noon. Began to rain at 1 p. m., a heavy swell and big seas breaking over ship's bow, shipping tons of water; forward hatches over Oriental steerage closed. Sailors have donned their oil clothing, the number of watchmen doubled, the captain is on the bridge and we are having our second storm at sea. The big steel ship is making only eleven knots an hour, but going right on her course; very few on deck, but quite a number watched the big waves from the front portholes of dining salon.

Quite considerable comment on Secretary Wooster's statements of last evening. Many government employes and army officers agree with him. Missionaries are saying as a government official he exceeded his rights in his statements, and talk of having him reported to Washington authorities. Merely another case of where a man on the ground understands local conditions better than those who live 10,000 miles away.

Saturday, March 23

Had a stormy night, but passed through safely; quite cold again; unpacked our fur coats. One would think there was not much commerce on the Pacific. We have not seen a ship since leaving Honolulu, and only one since the first day out from San Francisco. Owing to the storm made only 300 miles by noon. The missionaries are herding by themselves. They seem to think the other sinners think too much of Secretary Wooster.

Sunday, March 24

Rained all night, morning dawned damp and foggy. First officer says we have passed through the edge of a typhoon. A large species of gulls, known as albatross, some fully five feet from tip to tip, are now following us. Our second Sunday on the ship and our third at sea. Sermon by Bishop Cranston.

Too bad these various denominations can't unite in their missionary work and have one catechism, one faith and preach one gospel. They don't seem to appreciate the value of concentration. Every little creed known in the Christian world sends missionaries to the Orient, each with a different kind of a time-card for the route to eternal happiness, different faith, different song books, each with a different method of persuading the orientals

to forsake the faith of their ancestors; some stand when they pray, some kneel, some read their prayers, and the result is they get about ten cents on the dollar for the money they spend. A skillful business man like Carnegie or Rockefeller could take this disorganized missionary business in hand and for the same cost would accomplish more in five years than they now do in fifty. Made 315 miles by noon.

Monday, March 25

Smooth sea; last day before we land; passengers packing; sailors rigging block and tackle preparing to unload; letters are being written to be mailed on the "Korea," which sails for San Francisco soon after our arrival.

Made 365 miles; only 316 to go to end our 5,500 mile voyage across the Pacific.

Tuesday, March 26

Sighted land at 9:30 a. m. Until within fifty miles of the shores of Japan have not seen a sail of any kind since leaving Honolulu, a distance of 3,400 miles, and only one since leaving the coasts of California, a distance of 5,500 miles. Modern shipbuilding has brought these two lands within seventeen days' journey by sea, during which time we have been surrounded by every comfort of a modern hotel, with ladies and gentlemen

often appearing in full evening dress at the entertainments in the ship's social hall. We sometimes forget we are at sea.

At 10:30 a. m. we sighted the wreck of the ill-fated "Dakota" of the Great Northern Steamship Co. line, bound for Yokohama. She went ashore Sunday, March 3, at 4:30 p. m. The captain was four miles out of the regular course; was evidently trying to clip a few moments from the time record and went too close to the cape in rounding the Kazusa Peninsula and went ashore, and lost the big ship on a reef in Uraga Channel at the entrance to Yeddo Bay. Passengers and crew and some mail were saved, but very little cabin baggage. The Chinese sailors, I am told, lost no time getting into the life-boats, and notwithstanding the fact that the sea was calm, broad daylight, and she laid on the reef about half-a-mile from shore, very

Wreck of Great Northern S. S. "Dakota," Shirahoma Beach, 40 miles from Yokohama

little discipline was maintained. No doubt much more baggage could have been saved. No watch was placed on the wreck and Jap fishermen began looting the unfortunate ship that night. We are passing the wreck twenty-three days after the accident, four miles to our starboard, half of her hull above water, but gradually pounding to pieces.

We passed the fortifications at the entrance of Yeddo Bay at 1 p. m. The western shore fairly bristles with modern fortifications, the east being protected by shallow water. Inside the entrance to the bay, guarding the channel, are three large artificial islands, mounted with disappearing guns, making it practically an impossibility for any hostile fleet to reach Yokohama or the capital city, Tokio, eighteen miles farther up the bay.

Yokohama harbor, in Yeddo Bay, is very beautiful, and said to be the best in the orient.

Pacific Mail S. S. "Mongolia"—Yokohama Harbor

A low range of broken hills lay back of the city. The main mountain range, with the famous snow peak, Fujyama, form a beautiful picture; one that cannot well be exaggerated. Docking facilities are limited, and we anchored inside the breakwater, as do all very large ships, and went ashore in lighters; passed customs inspection and had our first jinrikisha ride to the Grand Hotel. They are a light, two-wheeled vehicle pulled by men in the place of horses.

The rikisha men become very muscular; they trot high like an ostrich or run very swiftly, crowded streets having no terrors for them. They give a sharp warning cry that they are coming, and they seem to always find an opening in any crowd. Thousands, yes, tens of thousands, of rikishas are used in Japan. Like everything else in a strange country, one has to get used to it, but I could not, while in Japan, get used to having a man do the work of a horse. Horses are a real

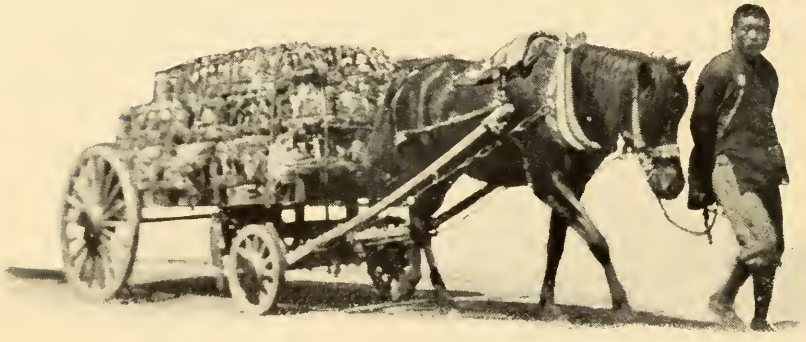
View from Grand Hotel—Yokohama

luxury; an occasional cab or carriage is seen in large cities; once in a while a dray pulled by one horse. The driver doesn't "drive," he leads, and the meek manner in which he pulls his horse around in the narrow streets is quite a revelation to a man from Chicago, where teamsters don't give the road for street cars, and where the sight of a union button makes even the fire department halt.

We found the Grand Hotel cosy, comfortable and well managed; native servants well trained and very polite. No matter how small the remembrance given them you always receive a gracious bow. The contrast between their actions and those of the servants met in Europe makes the traveler wonder if the early training so universal among the heathens would not be an improvement if adopted in sunny Italy, France, England and our own U. S. A.

Wednesday, March 27

Dawned rainy and dark, making sight-seeing an impossibility, so we contented ourselves by visiting the shops at Yokohama. As this port is visited more times and longer than any other by travelers, it presents the best assortment of shops of any city in Japan.



Jap Teamster—Yokohama

One can buy here the products made in every city in the empire at somewhat higher prices than asked right where they are made, but the assortment is here. There is little effort made to show their beautiful goods in a modern way. An occasional store makes an attempt at show-windows and uses a few show-cases, but the majority of the shops merely pile their goods up neatly; but all keep their places very clean, the fronts of the stores in many cases being merely a mass of light screens that are removed during the day, leaving the entire front open.

There are very few sidewalks, as horses are used but little. (Japs say horses eat too much.) Everyone travels in the street; the natives nearly all wear wooden clogs, some high up, some low down on the ground, or sandals and short cotton pants and kimonos, and usually go bareheaded. They are all short in

Mrs. E. V. Price, in Jinrikisha—Kyoto

stature, very muscular and quick as cats, and obey orders from their superiors without any back talk. No sooner is an order given by a banker, merchant or any other employer, than it is put into execution at once; merely a profound bow and the work is started. No doubt but Japan's splendid army is due to these characteristics.

A day among the shops gave us valuable information of use to us later on. We found English-speaking people everywhere in Yokohama, and as we will do our real sight-seeing here on our return, we employed no guide for the day. Many of our ship's passengers went to Tokio for the day, by rail to Kobe on the inland sea, stopping a day at Kyoto and joining the ship again at Kobe, going on to Hong Kong, Shang-Hai and on around the world in very much the same manner, buying nicknacks here and there and

The Writer, in Jinrikisha - Kyoto

gaining little information. Owing to the bad weather little progress was made in unloading the cargo from the "Mongolia" and we did not get away Wednesday as expected.

Thursday, March 28

At 3:30 p. m. we steamed out from the friendly protection of the breakwater down Yeddo Bay to the harbor entrance, past the powerful forts already mentioned, passed out the channel into the ocean again, and steamed in a S. W. direction for Kobe, 350 miles away. About sunset we passed between the mainland and Uries Island, on which is located the active volcano of Oshinea, one of the greatest safety chimneys of the western Pacific. It presented a beautiful sight some ten miles away. We rounded the cape at

English Gentleman's Home, Yokohama—fashioned after Shinto Temple at Naru

midnight and changed our course to N. W. and entered the eastern part of Japan's famous inland sea, a somewhat dangerous route. As no pilot was taken on until Kobe was reached, Capt. Hathaway remained on the bridge all night.

Friday, March 29

We reached Kobe at 3 p. m., and anchored well outside, on account of the size of the ship and the load she was carrying.

On our way up to Kobe, countless numbers of "sampans," Japanese fishing vessels, were passed. They are small boats with very little keel; one, sometimes two, small masts, on which a little square sail is used in favorable wind. When there is no wind, they handle them with one or two oars from the stern, by sculling. They are daring sailors and venture out of sight of land in these frail junks. Sea fish, fresh and cured in various ways, are a great food product in Japan, and the quality in these waters is of the best.

On our way to the wharf in launches, we passed two English, one Italian and two American warships that laid at anchor in the harbor at Kobe. It seemed good to us to see the stars and stripes as they floated from the big white cruisers "West Virginia" and "Pennsylvania," second to none they say.

We found the Oriental Hotel at Kobe very good; weather cold and rainy, tops of the mountains back of the city, covered with snow, but a good grate fire made us comfortable. Here we found soap from Swift & Co., ham and bacon from Armour's, Chicago; pickles from Heinz & Co., Pittsburg; flour from Seattle. Hotel rates, $4.00 a day in American gold; never see any Japanese gold; their money is on the decimal system, copied after our own. Copper coin called "rin"; silver coin called "sen" and paper money called "yen"; copper, one and two rin pieces; silver, ten, twenty, fifty sen; paper, one, five, ten, fifty, one hundred yen denominations. One hundred sen makes one yen or fifty cents of our money. Exchange at banks usually places yen value at forty-nine and one-half cents.

Oriental Hotel—Kobe

Saturday, March 30

Mountains and hills back of Kobe covered with snow; our heavy winter clothing very comfortable; climate about like Memphis or St. Louis, only a penetrating dampness. Employed a courier at 9:45 a. m., took train on imperial government railroad for Osaka, thirty miles away. Government now owns about all the railroads from Kobe east, that includes central and eastern Japan; double track to Tokio, 400 miles. It is claimed by some newspapers that the service is much poorer since they passed into the hands of the government. There are now about 3,500 miles of railroad in the empire. The San Yo railroad from Kobe west is yet in the hands of a private corporation. They are all forty-two inch gauge and conducted very much on the English system, both in method and equipment, a fact, I am told, they very much regret.

English influence in this case steered them wrong. Little freight cars, carrying 15,000 to 18,000 pounds of freight; the passenger coaches are not compartments, but have the seats arranged on the sides; cars hold about twenty-four passengers. They have first, second and third-class, costing three sen, two sen and one sen per mile, with a government tax on all first-class, according to distance traveled. This seems cheap, but

it is not, for they crowd the third-class passengers in like cattle. Tickets are handled after the English system, punched at the gate as you enter the cars and taken up at the gate as you leave the cars at your journey's end. No train conductors in sight enroute, only a guard who sits in the car. The American system of checking baggage is used, however. Engines are nearly all built in Scotland, but they are now purchasing American locomotives. On this, their best railroad built in recent years, when they had the opportunity to copy the world's very best, they have equipment and service that would not be tolerated even in Arkansas.

Our courier, "Manatto", is a bright, chubby-faced fellow, a hustler who knows Japan, but speaks English very imperfectly. Educated at Osaka college, his English education being by Japanese teachers. English tutors are now dispensed with in all schools and colleges. Japanese use no inflection or accent in their language, and speak English in the same monotone, so you can imagine how

Mr. K. Manatto, our Courier—Tea Garden, Kyoto

English taught by a Jap sounds. It is like eating your food without salt. Their school system is copied after our own, and English taught after certain grades are reached, but they speak the English language about as intelligently as many of the Britishers we meet, who use an accent and inflection unknown in the U. S. A., and whose descriptive verbs sound like an extravaganza.

On our way to Osaka we passed through a fertile farming country irrigated by mountain streams, the largest being Yodoyawa river, the outlet for Lake Biwa, Japan's largest inland lake. The farmers live in little villages, in fairly good cottages. Sometimes straw, sometimes tile roofs; the cottages are usually made of very thin lumber; screen sliding doors and windows with paper in place of glass, they can be made into summer cottages quickly; they have no furniture except matting.

The farms vary in size from an ordinary garden patch to a few acres, seldom over five acres. In some localities large tracts are owned by landlords who lease to tenants. They do not sow the grain, but plant it, and hoe and cultivate it like we cultivate gardens at home. There are few roads in the country, the land being too valuable, and no fences; a main road running through the country; anything aside from it is merely a narrow way

where hand carts or an ox cart can pass. No horses are used in southern Japan by the farmers; every kind of work, including pulling the carts, is done by men and women, with an occasional ox.

They raise millet, barley, rice. (They sell their rice as a rule, for it is of the best quality, and buy Chinese rice, which is not so good and cheaper in price.) Thus, a vessel bound from Hong Kong to America will frequently unload and load rice at Yokohama. The earning capacity of these farmers is very, very small, but they have been getting better prices in recent years. After seeing the little patches of ground called farms in Japan, and seeing how very carefully every inch must be utilized, I feel safe in saying our people waste more than it would take to keep the whole empire of Japan, for 45,000,000

Street Scene, Easter Sunday—Kobe

people live in an area of 175,000 square miles, about the size of the state of California, on land worked for ages, seventy-five per cent. of which is mountainous and cannot be cultivated.

If Roosevelt was Mikado of Japan he would never have to lecture his people about "race suicide;" every woman seems to have at least one baby (a large percentage of them have eczema), and for fear there may be some doubt about it, carries it right along with her on her back, not as comfortably as the American Indian squaw carries her offspring. The future army and navy of Japan is carried seated on a belt astride the mother's back, sometimes in a shawl, sometimes in a kimono, but always on the back.

Osaka is the second largest city in Japan, has 1,000,000 population with only 300 Europeans. Only three larger cities in the United States. It is the great manufacturing and wholesale city of the empire. Many large factories have been organized and put in operation here within recent years; breweries, watch factory, brass foundries, several large cotton mills. Japan now makes nearly all her cotton goods at home and is exporting to China and Korea. They buy some raw cotton from America (about thirty per cent.), but principally from Bombay; manufacture it with their cheap labor; their expert operatives in cotton mills receive from thirty to

fifty cents of our money per day of twelve to fourteen hours. Eight hours don't make a day, neither do six days make a week in Japan. They simply toil unceasingly. They can buy our raw cotton, pay freight and quote a lower price on the finished product than American mills running in sight of the cotton fields. But there is beyond Japan a land where I am told even greater poverty exists, in China. This is quite evident, for Japan has a high protective tariff on all competing articles coming from China.

In some of the large cities where there is a large European population, the Christian Sunday is partially observed. Banks, some business houses and some government buildings are closed. There are no cabs or carriages in Osaka, no street cars in the city, but a line connecting Kobe and Osaka. A bus-auto, introduced by an enterprising Jap, runs on some extra wide streets, but everything and everybody has to get off the street when it comes along. Ten thousand licensed rikisha men in the city, which is sixteen miles square, covered by one and two-story buildings.

Jap men and women, wrapped in kimonos, bareheaded, with wooden clogs on their feet, men pulling heavy carts, push and crowd through the narrow streets, as a rule not as wide as a Chicago alley; always moving

swiftly, usually running. Shops of all kinds, hundreds, yes, thousands of them, line the streets for miles; no sidewalks, no show windows, screen doors which, when opened, expose the whole store front.

The wholesale district was very interesting to me, almost all being specialists in their lines; none large, but what they lack in size they make up in numbers. Dealers in cotton, silk goods, Jap furniture, Jap shoes and various manufactured goods. The floors extend right to the street; the merchant, bookkeeper, shipping clerk and other employes squat on mats at the door. The cases are packed and prepared for shipping (usually strapped) out in the narrow street. Everything very primitive and such a contrast to the elegant offices and storerooms occupied by wholesale firms in our country.

Human Horse and his Load

The best artists on decorated Satsuma ware are in Osaka and it, as well as other high and low grade decorated ware, is exported largely. No one can fully appreciate the artistic genius necessary to produce the best quality of decorated Satsuma ware until they see it made and watch the workmen with the magnifying glass in the left hand and doing the work by looking through the glass, which magnifies the work being done by the right hand. Squatted on mats, they toil long hours at work that requires skill, patience, and a steady nerve, the natural talent of an artist, and many years' experience to master, and when perfectly skilled can earn two yen ($1.00) per day, or about one-quarter the pay earned in Chicago by members of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Whitewashers.

The national mint located here was closed on account of it being Saturday. We secured permits and visited the Castle of Hideyoshi, the home of one of the ancient rulers. After a tedious wait, until the guard went to headquarters with our permits, we were escorted around by another guard. Aside from the view and some tremendous stone forming the wall, brought four hundred miles from Nagasaki, there is nothing of special interest around the place. After lunch visited our first temple, the Shinto Temple, Tenno-ji and its huge bell, said to

be the largest in the world. Several lepers, hideous looking objects, waiting at the gates, followed us until our courier tossed them a few coppers. Many little bells hung around the side of the Temple; a passer-by would ring a bell, clap his hands to attract the attention of the gods, throw a few coppers into the "pot," mutter a few words and move on.

Osaka is not much beloved by the tourists; few visit and none remain long. Our caravan, consisting of our courier in front; Miss Latham, whom we had invited to spend the day with us while the "Mongolia" was unloading at Kobe, and who wore a long feather in her hat; Mrs. Price, with her red hat and coat, and myself, on account of my size, created quite a sensation as our rikisha men raced through the dense crowd on "Dotom-bori," Theatre street, and when we

Japanese Leper

alighted once to look at some sights on a side street the crowd followed us, staring, laughing, pointing at our strange appearance, and when we turned to return to our rikishas the crowd right-about-faced and marched back with us several blocks, and it was with difficulty we regained our seats. We returned to Kobe, wondering if every day in Japan would be as interesting.

After dinner we boarded a launch and went out to the "Mongolia," and saw Miss Latham safe aboard at 9:30 p. m. She had been an agreeable companion and we were sorry to part with her.

Ringing Bell to attract Attention of the Gods—Shinto Temple, Osaka

Sunday, March 31

Easter Sunday in Japan, 1907, presents quite a different appearance from Easter Sunday spent in Madeira Islands in 1906, where almost everyone is a Catholic. We visited the big bronze "Diabutsa," Great Buddha, in the western part of Kobe. Near here we saw the saddest spectacle of our journey in Japan, a blind Japanese coolie pulling a loaded cart heavy enough for a horse, and to do his work he was led by his wife, who carried a small baby on her back. In our travels on two continents we never saw any scene that touched our hearts like this. Visited a few shops and left on the fast express at 4:30 p. m. for Kyoto, forty-five miles in one and a half hours. Arrived in a cold rainstorm,

Unloading Cotton from S. S. "Mongolia"—Kobe

but succeeded in getting comfortable room and fire at Kyoto Hotel; everything crowded; many tourists and many visitors from the various warships lying at Kobe, forty-five miles away.

Monday, April 1

The opening of spring in Japan, usually celebrated as a national holiday, dawned cold, damp and rainy; too disagreeable for sight-seeing, so we put in the day visiting curio shops, silk stores, etc. They would not be curio stores unless they had a great stock of hideous bronze images on every side. Kyoto is noted for silk embroideries, fine porcelain, bronze, and cloisonne work. Salesmen very polite; tea is usually served as soon as a prospective customer enters a shop.

Diabutsa at Kobe—Mrs. Price and our Courier in the foreground

In the evening attended a Japanese theatre. Everybody sits on the floor in little groups, each with a small brass or iron kettle in which there is a little charcoal fire for each group to keep warm by and to warm their tea by, which they drink constantly as they watch the fierce drama. We secured seats on a low rail near the entrance. Our courier brought in the blankets from the rikishas and we managed to stay during the first act, which lasted one hour and forty minutes. The orchestra consisted of about the same kind of instruments, and they produced about the same kind of music heard around the oriental quarters in Chicago during Chinese New Year. The play was on a revolving stage; the actors came on the stage from the front, right down through the audience on a raised passageway.

Tuesday, April 2

Cleared up. Much snow on the hills back of the city. Secured two new rubber-tired rickishas by paying fifty sen each extra, or one yen fifty sen (seventy-five cents) per day. Started out temple-hunting and to see a few gods. The suburbs are crowded with temples, pagodas and shrines, too numerous to mention. Kyoto was the capital from the eighth century to 1868, when it was moved to Yeddo, now Tokio. It has half-a-million population, although much larger in its palmy days.

Among the most noted temples which should be remembered are Hongwanji Higashi, the headquarters of the western branch of Hongwanji Buddhists, a massive building with wonderful wood carvings and a stately temple gate. The state apartments are the finest in Kyoto temples. San-ju San-gen-do will never be forgotten, although its name may slip our memory. Founded in A. D. 1150, noted for its 1,000 images, each five feet high; all represent the eleven-faced, thousand-handed Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy; figuring the many hands and small images in each forehead makes a grand total of 33,333 images.

The Diabutsa, "Great Buddha" of Kyoto, is fifty-eight feet high, although it shows only head and shoulders without the body.

San-ju San-gen-do Temple, Kyoto, containing 1,000 Images of Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy, founded A. D. 1150

It has gilt head and bronze shoulders. For 400 years some great image has stood on this spot, but all have been destroyed by lightning, fire or earthquake. Subscriptions are being made to replace the present one with a better one in copper. Nearby, supported on heavy timbers, is one of the big bells of Japan, fourteen feet high and weighing sixty-three tons. It is sounded by heavy beams standing on one side swung on great cable chains.

Of the dozens of temples we merely passed, and the several we went through, the two mentioned and the ancient Shinto Temple, "Gion no Yashiro," are worthy of remembering forever. The inside of these temples is difficult to describe. There is usually a large image in the background; it may be of some one of the many gods they worship, or reproduction of Buddha, or of some founder of a religious sect, and there may be several. They are always of good size and very showy in design. They are usually surrounded by other bronze reproductions of hideous monsters, never forgetting to include a few dragons.

The features of their gods are always portrayed as in livid rage. They don't admire sweet, angelic-faced madonnas with golden hair hanging down their backs. Neither would the calm, tender expression of

Jesus of Nazareth, as portrayed by modern artists, appeal to them as one who had power. Their god, before he commands the respect of a Japanese as worthy of worship, must have from four to ten eyes, from six to forty hands, with ears as big as a Missouri mule and an expression on his countenance like a seasick steerage passenger.

Handsomely decorated silk banners and screens usually complete the altar ornaments. The woodwork is carved in a fantastic manner, with those hideous reproductions so dear to the oriental heart, and usually lacquered, a very expensive wood finish, especially if trimmed with gold. The finest of matting covers the floors, and all who enter these temples must either remove their shoes, sandals or clogs, or cover them with cloth coverings which can be obtained at the doors.

A low railing, a few feet back from the objects described, separates those who worship from the priests, who are seated on a mat on the inside of the rail, usually pounding a gong or drum and reciting a prayer, history of the founder of some sect, or some part of their religious formula. On the outside of the rail, seated on mats, are those who wish to worship. They usually begin by throwing an offering inside the rail, then clapping their hands to attract the god's

attention. They mutter their prayers, whatever they may be. They appear to give the necessary consolation, and it seems to me that is about all there is to any form of worship, for right or wrong, the final will never be changed by the theories of any one man or any one nation.

The temples of Kyoto are famous throughout Japan, especially in the central portion, and many of the rural population make pilgrimages many hundred miles to be able to worship, perhaps once in a lifetime, at one or more of these famous temples, economizing for years in order to be able to make the pilgrimage. Some who live near railroads come third-class; those who do not, make the journey on foot. In every large temple we saw such people, the majority on their first and only trip. To those people from the rural districts Europeans are curiosities. One very neat-looking peasant and his wife stopped their worship, got up and followed us around the temple. For a time they deserted their god for a "Christian dog." After much whispering and a consultation, the man left his wife, came to our courier and asked him, "what kind of Europeans" we were. Upon being told we were Americans he bowed very low three times, went back to his wife, and they nodded and chatted as far as we could see them. The neighborhood in which they

live will no doubt be informed that all American men are very large and all American women wear red plaid dresses, red hats and red coats.

In the evening we attended the "Miyako Odori," the famous cherry dance, given annually at this season of the year and looked forward to as the event of the season. It is the most classical performance given in Japan, requires much care and preparation before it can be presented, and is always attended by the highly-cultivated people or those who desire to be considered as such. Foreigners, as a rule, get about as much enjoyment out of it as an average Japanese would out of one of Wagner's masterpieces—still it is a good thing to see.

Wednesday, April 3

We spent the forenoon looking through factories of bronze, Satsuma and porcelain ware, and seeing how such work, which is a great industry in Japan, is done. They look like small shops when you first enter them, but room after room is developed by sliding bamboo screen doors, until in many cases you are finally shown stocks of wares of many thousands of yen in value. The buildings are all very combustible; fire protection very primitive and, as a natural result, insurance rates very high.

Today is some sort of a holiday; flags are flying everywhere, and everyone has on their best kimonos. It being Mrs. Price's birthday, our courier ordered a Japanese dinner for us at one of the best teahouses, to be served at 8 p. m. We were late getting away from the hotel. For four miles our rikisha men trotted like horses through the narrow streets. They fairly flew, dodging here and there; many times a collision seemed inevitable, but their sharp, peculiar cry of warning, which everyone respects, cleared everything, and we landed safely. The cabdrivers of Naples are not in it for seeming carelessness.

Japanese Advertising

The lady manager of the teahouse met us, bowed low three times, assisted in putting cloth sandals on our feet, as is the custom on entering a house in Japan, as their floor mats are their furniture on which they eat and sleep. We

were escorted upstairs to a room with no furniture in it except the regulation floor mats and then small extra mats to sit on, or rather, to squat on. Our dinner was brought in on trays, placed on the floor; two dainty little Jap girls seated themselves by our side, and three geisha girls, who sing and play, entertained us while we dined.

Our dinner consisted of seven different kinds of fish, three cooked and four raw, including a fair-sized live one in a basket placed in front of each tray, two varieties of fish soup, bamboo sprouts, omelette, rice cakes and tea, all eaten with chopsticks. Mrs Price did not enthuse over the banquet—ate a rice cake and drank a cup of tea. I tasted each dish, but Manatto, our courier, ordered that meal to be eaten, and from the way he dived into it one would have thought it the feast of his life, and he made it in three courses; the first being everything on his tray, the second everything on my tray, the third and last was everything on Mrs. Price's tray. A few fancy dances, music on three-stringed instruments, which would not have been so bad if they had omitted the singing, ended the banquet. At 10 p. m. we bowed ourselves out and hurried to our hotel to get something to eat.

Thursday, April 4

A real spring day, so we went to Nara, one and a half hours' journey by rail, and returned at 4 p. m. Between Kyoto and Nara we passed Uji, one of the famous tea districts of Japan. The tea-plant looks something like our sage brush bush; the plantations small but similar to all Japanese agriculture, cultivated like a garden, every available inch of ground being utilized. The crop begins to come to market in May. Nara was the ancient capital of Japan, until removed to Kyoto, A. D. 780.

The Shinto Temple Kasuga-no-Miya, an immense bronze Diabutsa, the largest in Japan, thousands of deer roaming quietly through a beautiful park, with its giant trees hundreds of years old, all relics of the former grandeur

Mrs. Price feeding Deer at Nara Park

of the ancient capital, are the chief attractions. On reaching the temple gate we left our rikishas and walked a half-mile up an avenue lined with stone lanterns of fantastic design, four to eight feet high, the majority dating back to the days when the capital was located here, nearly 1,200 years ago. In ancient days the expense of lighting them was paid by subscription, but as the city has now less than one-tenth of its former population, that item of entravagance has long since been discontinued.

The temple and out-buildings are kept in good repair; in fact, I am told that the government protects and assists in maintaining many of the historic temples. A few young girls at the temple performed a sort of a sacred dance. The music and orchestra consisted of three priests, a drum, a flute and chant; charge nominal, one yen. The Diabutsa "Great Buddha" is the sight at Nara;

Pagoda—Nara

made of bronze, fifty-three feet high, sixteen inches across the face. Although a much better face than the one at Kobe, it would not take a blue ribbon at a beauty show. Another great bell stood near by.

This great temple, with its five-story pagoda and dozens of shrines, the immense image, giant bell, and hundreds of stone lanterns, stands in the midst of a dense forest, hundreds of years old, many of the trees 150 to 200 feet high. Great droves of wild monkeys at times roam at will through this weird but fascinating spot, and pilgrims by the dozens are constantly going to and from the ancient temple. It has an impressive grandeur never to be forgotten.

Friday, April 5

We visited an industrial exhibition, also the Kyoto zoological garden, containing a fine collection of animals. The many beautiful specimens of storks were the most attractive of all to us. Some large white fellows with beautiful black tipped wings. Two large specimens of American hogs are on exhibition as curiosities. Our guide said the sign over them read: "Are raised by Americans in large numbers and form a leading article of commerce." We took a glance at the palace formerly occupied by the Mikado before the

capital was removed — a mass of buildings covering twenty-five acres, enclosed in a wall that has six gates; visitors are admitted to some portions of the palace, but we passed the honor by. After Nara, Kyoto was the capital from the eighth century for nearly 1,100 years, until 1868, when removed to Yeddo, now called Tokio.

We spent an hour in the afternoon glancing (we can only glance at many things and get a general idea) at the Imperial Museum, founded in 1895. While Japan shows no taste for sculpture or oil paintings, as do many nations of ancient and modern Europe, they do show some clever bronze work, although the subjects chosen are not always in harmony with European tastes and ideas of real art; but in lacquer work,

Bear from Northern Japan Zoological Garden—Kyoto

cloisonne and silk embroideries and wood-carving they show unrivalled skill. This museum contains numerous treasures of ancient art, bronze statues, pictures, manuscripts, and weapons. Nearly all the exhibits have English as well as Japanese descriptions. English will be the language of the Orient, but they don't seem to teach mental arithmetic. In all banks, shops and wherever any calculations are necessary, they always resort to the oriental adding machine.

At 3:30 p. m. we visited Batoku Kuai gymnasium and saw a fine exhibition of jiujitsu, the famous Japanese style of wrestling. The society is a private one and the members belong to the better classes. It is taught in every gymnasium in Japan; by the Jap government in all its military schools. With thousands of men doing the work of horses, tens of thousands of rikisha men, schools everywhere teaching men how to handle themselves, they come near being a nation of athletes.

We visited our last temple in Kyoto, the temple of Kurodani, founded in the thirteenth century. Here, for the first time, we were permitted to see the private apartments of a Buddhist temple. Folding decorated screens, kakemonos (banners), miscellaneous objects of art and antiquity by famous historic Japanese

artists, formed an attraction we were not able to appreciate. In the evening we said good bye to Manatto, our courier. We were sorry to lose him, for he was faithful, obliging and knew the country. No one could have seen more in six days than he showed us, but he had to return to Nagasaki to keep a previous engagement to escort a party through Japan. We ended the day by attending a cinematograph show, the only entertainment we have seen in Japan that we understood. The audience was seated in the same manner as at all other theatres, on the floor mats. We had a stall a little higher from the floor and furnished with two Japanese chairs. After using these chairs for two hours, we realized why the cunning Japs preferred to sit on the floor.

Saturday, April 6

Rained hard, so we put in the day around the shops. The rikisha men almost go inside with the rikishas. There are no sidewalks. They pull up facing the door, drop the handles of the rikishas right on the door sill, so their passengers can step right inside on the floor. The sun came out in the afternoon and we secured pictures of our rikishas and men, packed and prepared to leave early the following morning for Tokio, having spent seven busy days in Kyoto, although three were rainy ones.

Sunday, April 7

We sent our baggage to the station early, gave our rikisha men each a present, and drove to the station in a one-horse cab and boarded the express for Tokio, 336 miles away to the northeast. Almost everyone in Japan travels third and second-class, and the first-class accommodations are limited. The one first-class car was crowded, and it looked for a moment as though we were in for an uncomfortable day, but we secured seats in a sort of compartment in the center of the car with some Europeans who had been passengers on the "Mongolia," and we were fairly comfortable. The seats in the cars are on the sides, as I have already described, and the entire space in the center is usually taken up by hand-baggage, wooden shoes and sandals. At Nogoya our acquaintances left us and a Japanese General in full uniform put his wife and daughter in with us. While he was dressed in a modern uniform, they wore the ancient garb of the Japanese ladies.

The dining car (so called) was the worst ever encountered. We ventured on ham and eggs, and they were bad enough, and tea. The other mysteries on the bill of fare we were satisfied to watch the Japs eat. We always use bottled water and eat very few vegetables. On account of the Japs' reputation

of their manner of fertilizing, we prefer to eat things that grow high up in the air. Small sweet oranges, tangerines and a very fair apple, raised in northern Japan, are plentiful and for sale everywhere.

The empire of Japan consists of four large islands, called Hondo, Shikoku, Kyushu and Yezo, besides hundreds of small islands and the island of Formosa, ceded to Japan after the war with China. We are traveling on the island of Hondo, where all the principal cities are. From Kobe, on the west, to Nikko, our extreme northern point, is about 500 miles. A large mountain range, the Hakone mountains, containing many snow peaks and volcanoes, including Fujiyama, the most famous mountain in Japan, traverse the island from north to south, a distance of probably 1,500 miles. The island varies in width from 100 to 300 miles. Little valleys, formed by mountain streams, are the agricultural districts of Japan, and vary from a few miles to thirty in width. The country from Kyoto to Tokio, consisting of numerous little valleys, is irrigated by such mountain streams.

All day we followed the "Tokaido," the great ancient highway from Kyoto to Yeddo, 350 miles in length, lined on both sides for nearly the entire distance with pine trees planted by order of the Shoguns. This route was the thoroughfare before the railroad was

built in 1868. Kyoto, being the capital, was naturally the starting point in those days for everything. Great pilgrimages were made over the "Tokaido" semi-annually by messengers from the Mikado and local rulers and their followers to pay their respects to the Shogun at Yeddo. This famous highway, no longer needed for the purposes for which it was built, is now merely a great public road used locally, and no one is responsible for its care or the preservation of the giant trees which added so much to its picturesque history, consequently in a very few years it will be only a memory. We expected to get a good view of Fujiyama from Shidzouka, at which point the railroad follows its base for many miles, but the day was cloudy and the view was obscured.

We passed through Yokohama at 8:30 p. m., and in twenty-six minutes after were in Tokio, very tired, having spent twelve hours on a railroad run by a government whose only policy is to deny charters to every traffic line proposed that could possibly in any way compete in rates or time, or by offering to the traveling public modern conveniences. How we had longed for the luxury of an American Pullman car, or even a common day coach on our railroads run by the much-abused private corporations in our country, where our government *demands* competition.

We had telegraphed for hotel accommodations three days before, and were met at the station by a messenger from the Imperial Hotel, and were soon in a big double room, with a cheerful grate fire, but no private bath. No hotel in Tokio, the capital city, has private baths.

Monday, April 8

Tokio, the capital of Japan, is one of the world's largest cities; covers 100 square miles, has a population of 2,000,000 people; said to contain 250,000 houses, principally one and two-story buildings, many built of substantial material. There are many modern government and municipal buildings. When the capital was moved here from Kyoto, at the end of the revolution in 1868, it was comparatively a small place, which gave an opportunity for it to be laid out in a much more modern style than any other city in the empire. As a result it has many

Imperial Hotel—Tokio

broad streets and avenues, several beautiful parks and a modern street car system, the best thing of the kind in all Japan; built by American contractors, equipped in modern style and owned by a private corporation; fare five sen (two and one-half cents) to any part of the great city; a round-trip for nine sen, or four and one-half cents. The cars are always crowded, and are used mostly by the middle classes. The better classes use rikishas. There are also quite a number of carriages in use, with Jap drivers and footmen.

Although wooden clogs and kimonos are worn by ninety per cent. of Tokio's immense population, the city has in many quarters a European air about it that is quite refreshing. The Imperial Hotel, for instance, has a comfortable office and a large reading-room where

"Nippo Ginko," Imperial Bank of Japan—Tokio

one can find an occasional English paper and magazine. Although always fully six weeks old, they are newsy to a traveler. The daily Japanese papers, published in English, in Tokio and Yokohama, contain quite a bit of news from abroad. Among the telegraph items from America I today observed one which read: "It is not yet definitely settled who will succeed Roosevelt as President." This goes to show that they are absolutely reliable in everything they do publish.

The imperial palace, the home of the Mikado, is but a short distance from the hotel. The grounds are large, cover about fifty acres, are surrounded by a high wall, on the outside of which is a great moat filled with water extending around the entire palace grounds. The palace, which cannot be seen from the streets, cost three million dollars,

Main Gate, Imperial Palace—Tokio

or six million yen, which in a country where labor is cheap, is quite an item. To this sum was added many private contributions by wealthy Japanese, both in valuable materials and money. It is said to be essentially Japanese, the work of the most skilled artisans in the empire. The royal crowd don't sleep on mats, neither do they use chopsticks. The palace is furnished throughout in modern style, principally with importations from Germany.

The Mikado, I am told, is a large man for a Jap, standing about five feet nine inches, while the average Jap is but five feet two inches. The Russians, however, did not *over* shoot all the time, quiet as they keep it. I am told 90,000 Japs were killed on the firing line. The Mikado and his household have discarded the kimono and adopted European style of dress, and all those attending royal functions are required to do likewise.

It is perfectly wonderful how little the Japs have to say about the late war. They never mention it unless asked, and they always speak kindly and with much feeling of the Russian soldiers, especially of the rank and file, who they say were brave and never ran from a fight, but were poorly officered. For a nation that has recently soundly thrashed two of the biggest nations in the world, they

show little egotism. Not one-fortieth part of the chesty development shown in our own country after our skirmish with poor old Spain. Their respect for their rulers, their intense patriotism, their absolute obedience to superiors both in private and public life, their natural disposition to give attention to little details, the enforced economy which they have always practiced, their splendid physique on account of the labor they perform, the absence of dissipation, the good-fellowship that prevails between the soldiers and their officers are what made the Mikado's army the greatest fighting machine of modern times. They were not led by a Napoleon, a Grant, or a Von Moltke, or men of wonderful military genius, but every general in the Jap army and every commander of the Jap fleet had behind him men who all their lives had been trained in the way that makes good fighters.

They evidently distrust the Russian government, but they seem to be getting along very well with the Chinese government. They are adding to their navy, and propose to keep a standing army of twenty army corps, or 400,000 men, who serve three years, maintaining two reserves, 400,000 each, which means they will have 1,200,000 available trained soldiers. The press of the country and all business men profess great admiration

and friendship for the U. S. A., and hoot at the statements of our yellow press that a war with Japan is a certainty, but the war spirit is abroad in their land. Their newspapers always have telegrams speaking of how the German navy, or the English navy, or American army, is doing something, or China or Russia are fortifying.

The school children are drilled daily; all the school boys are uniformed with a military cap. During the Russian war the school boys held sham battles and were so intensely patriotic none of them would consent to play the part of Russians, so the mimic war was carried on with sticks set up to impersonate the Russian army. All arsenals and navy yards are inaccessible to outsiders, and very few army maneuvers are conducted in public.

School Children marching—Protestant Church in Background—Yokohama

No one knows how many soldiers were in the field during the recent war, for all regiments departed at night.

Our new guide, secured at Tokio, was for five months in Manchuria with a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, which means he is, when wanted, a government secret service man, for every war correspondent was provided with a courier by the government. This chap, I discovered, lived in Washington, D. C., for three years. From him I was able, at odd times, to learn many things I never read. Notwithstanding all their professions of undying friendship for the U. S. A., it is quite evident from information gathered from European residents that Japan is intended for Japanese only, and it is only a question of time when all enterprises now controlled by foreigners, Americans included, will pass into the hands of Japanese. If they can't force them to let loose one way, they will another; diplomatically, if possible, but in a way that will likely cause friction. This will apply to

Entrance to War Department—Tokio

the tea and silk industry; in fact, everything but the banking business. This they can't very well do without, for they need foreign capital.

It has been stated by magazines in our country that on account of their superior habits and reliability, Chinese are employed in the places of trust in all Japanese banks. This is absolute rot; with the exception of the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank at Yokohama, with branch at Kobe, and one other bank with Chinese capital, all banks throughout Japan employ Japanese only.

In the evening we doubled up our rikisha men, putting two on each, and made a four-mile run to the world-famed Yoshiuara, the tenderloin district of Tokio. It is worth the while of every European to visit this quarter (and they all do) to see how Japan solves one of the vexed problems of all ages. This quarter covers a district one mile square; is under strict municipal surveillance. None of the denizens are permitted on the streets of Tokio at night, but are permitted to sit in open houses built like fairy palaces, but with iron bars in front to prevent the passers-by from being annoyed by them. Many of these front show rooms are gorgeously decorated, and present a spectacle to be found in no other place in the world. As a net result

of this method, there is less crime than in any large city on earth, and an absolute absence of the lewdness and disorderly scenes that prevail uncontrolled at night on the principal thoroughfares in cities like Paris, New York and Chicago, where they attempt to suppress, and in doing so merely scatter, this form of vice.

Tuesday, April 9

We attended the Tokio Industrial Exposition in the morning, and found it well worth the four hours spent in glancing it over. It was a local affair, an exhibit of Tokio's industries, covering everything we have seen elsewhere, and much more. A beautiful display of paintings on silk—animals, mountain scenery, rustic villas, reproductions of famous subjects skillfully done in the quaint, artistic style so peculiar to Japanese artists, attracted our special attention. Some wonderful silk embroidery from Kyoto was given a space

Entrance, Tokio Exposition

on account of it being sold by a Kyoto firm who had a branch in Tokio. Our time being limited, we passed hurriedly by many intensely interesting exhibits. As it was a long run back to our hotel, we lunched near by at a hotel run on the European plan, and afterwards visited Asakusa Park, the quaintest and liveliest place in Tokio.

Five minutes' walk from this popular playground of the middle classes, we came to the great Buddhist temple known as Asakusa Kwannon. It being a convenient place for the pleasure-seekers of the park to worship, one sees here a queer mixture of piety and pleasure, gorgeous altars, dingy idols surrounded by natives in dainty costumes, soldiers in uniform, an occasional tourist, pigeons strutting around; the clatter of wooden clogs doesn't seem to disturb the

Panorama, Battle of Mukden, Tokio Exposition

many worshippers, whose devotions consist of stopping in front of a favorite idol, throwing a few coppers on the floor, clapping their hands to attract the god's attention, muttering a few words, then passing along. I never saw quite as motley a crowd within the precincts of a religious edifice. I climbed to the second story of the big temple gate and secured some good snap-shots of this picturesque spot.

We returned to our hotel, had a brief rest until 5:30 p. m., doubled up rikisha men again and made a thirty-minute run to the temple of Ontake and witnessed the curious ceremony of Shinto priests of walking on fire, held on the eighth and ninth of April, and the sixteenth and seventeenth of September. Its origin and application I could not

Buddhist Temple "Asakusa Kwannon"—Tokio

learn, but to me it looked like a clever, very clever, piece of jugglery, done for the purpose of impressing their followers with their power.

A heavy bed of live coals, many inches deep and probably sixteen feet long, was walked over many times by half-a-dozen barefooted priests, each taking about eight steps. It was no stage act where an optical illusion could be worked on the audience, but was performed right out in the open air where the wind fanned the live coals, and where we were so near we could feel the heat; in fact, some European ladies were seated so close that their faces were almost burned. The priests seemed to suffer no pain, and walked deliberately and many times over the fiery furnace. Whatever the secret may be that guarded them from being frightfully burned, no one seemed to know; however, it was a good act.

Shrine of Fudo, Asakusa Kwannon Temple—Tokio

Wednesday, April 10

Rained hard until 3 p. m.; thundered like it does at home; spent the morning looking around shops. Tokio has the only real department store in Japan, "The Mitsukoshi, Limited." The venture is a success, and the present two-story building is to be replaced soon with a modern five-story structure, with elevators, constructed on the plan of modern American department stores. One of the proprietors informed me they had 1,000,000 yen capital, and their annual sales were 4,000,000 yen. The floors are covered with matting and kept very clean. All customers either leave their shoes at the front door or put on cloth sandals on entering the door. Fancy the customers of one of the big stores in an American city leaving their shoes at the front door.

Jap Teamster and his Load of Charcoal on a Rainy Day—Tokio

The lower floor is devoted to cotton and the upper floor to silk goods. Many goods are shown in glass showcases. They use counters, have stools for customers to sit on; broad, roomy aisles and an overhead cash-carrier system, something not seen in the best stores of Paris. They have a European department, where they show some European goods and carry a beautiful assortment of the class of Japanese goods that the average globe-trotters seem to fancy. Many employes speak good English, and both men and women have worked in San Francisco and Seattle department stores. The manager whom I met had so much correct information about the management of the business of Marshall Field & Co., that I suspect that at some time he may have worked for that firm while getting his pointers.

Mitsukoshi Department Store—Tokio

The afternoon cleared up and we visited the tombs of the Shoguns in Shiba Park. The Shoguns were the former rulers in fact of Japan, the Mikado not being much more than a figure-head until the revolution in 1868, when the last of the Shoguns, the fifteenth member of the Tokugawa family of Shoguns, abdicated and now lives in retirement in Tokio. Several of the famous fifteen Shoguns are buried at Nikko, 100 miles north of Tokio, six in Urno Park, Tokio, and six in Shiba Park, that we visited. These tombs and mortuary shrines cover many acres, and are counted among the chief marvels of Japanese art. Each, I am told, was built by his successor, who called on the Diamyos, or Feudal Lords, some sixty in number, to contribute, and they in turn called on their

First Court at Tombs of the Shoguns, Shiba Park, Tokio—
Mrs. Price in the foreground

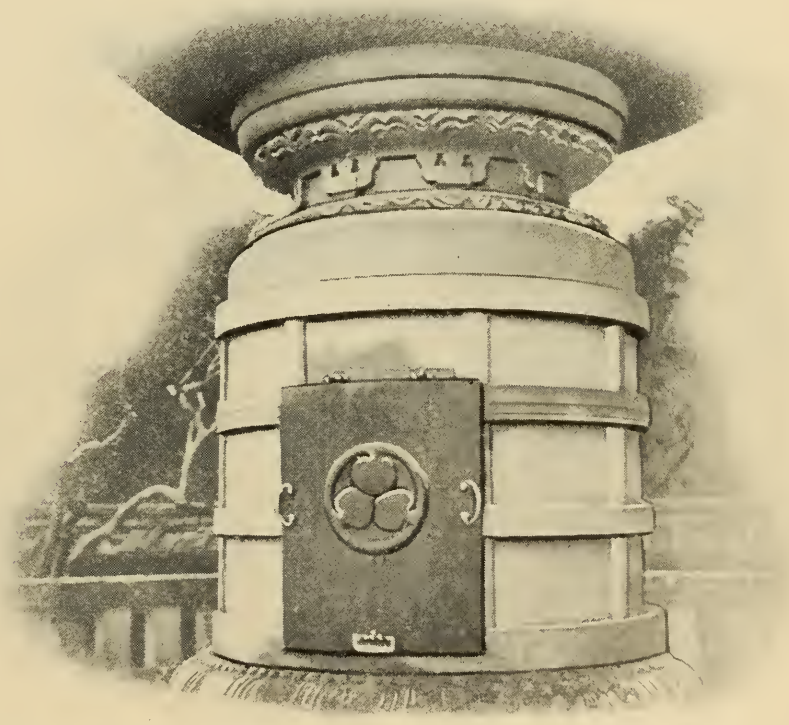
various subjects to get busy. It is therefore impossible to estimate their approximate cost.

The tomb of the second Shogun is a marvel of Japanese religious architecture, being the largest specimen of gold lacquer in the world and one of the most magnificent, parts being inlaid with enamel and crystals. The ceilings, walls, floors and all the interior decorations on the mortuary shrines and the tomb itself are all of gold lacquer, 300 years old. By comparison, it makes the tombs of Roman kings seem like country graveyards, and, I am told, could not be reproduced today for 200,000,000 yen, or $100,000,000, and after having a gold lacquer box four by six inches priced to me at 100 yen, I can begin to realize what such lavish decorations could cost. A little daylight came across the

Iron Lanterns at Tombs of the Shoguns—Shiba Park, Tokio

sea when Commodore Perry opened up Japan to the world, and marked the beginning of the end of that family, and there will be no more $100,000,000 mausoleums built in Japan.

Near this park is the Buddha temple, Higashi Hongwanji, the largest of the 3,000 temples in Tokio, and the largest in Japan. All the finest temples are adorned with magnificent wood carvings; the designs are usually dragons, lions, flowers, leaves, etc.; the floors covered with beautiful and expensive mats; the walls with ornamental screens and kakamonos, famous reproductions by the best Jap artists. The altar usually has one or more immense images; the altar decorations vary according to the size and



Tomb of Hidetada, Second Shogun of Tokugawa Family, died 1632—Finest Mortuary Temple in the World

importance of the temple, the value of some of them being fabulous. The invasion of the Christian does not seem to lessen the devotion of these people to the faith of their fathers. These places of worship are numbered by the thousands; nearly all are kept in good repair, and when one is destroyed by fire, as is often the case, it is rebuilt. I am told Japan has no national religion, but it seems to me that Shinto and Buddhist faith, between which there is little rivalry, have a stronger hold on the people than the Roman church has on Spain or Italy.

Thursday, April 11

In the afternoon we visited the tomb of the forty-seven Roins, whose dramatic history has been read by all who may have been interested in Japanese history. A glimpse at the spot where they and their master, for whose sake they were sacrificed, are buried, will enable us to remember the tragic story.

Friday, April 12

When it doesn't rain over here, I usually make special mention of it. Today is worthy of honorable mention, for it is like a spring day at home, so we put on extra push men and rode around the legation buildings and the imperial palace. All the former are well located; roomy grounds and beautiful views.

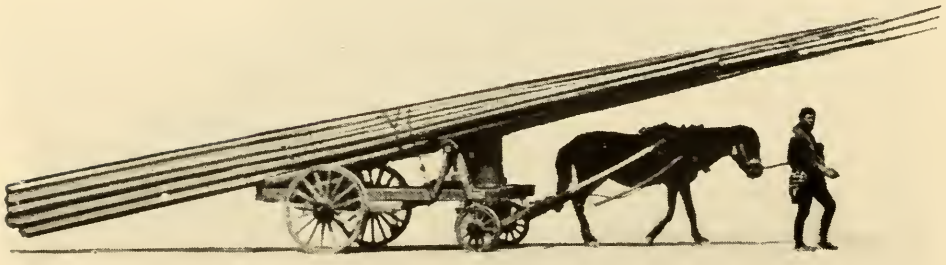
The Russian embassy have the best location; the American the finest view; the British the finest grounds. I called on Mr. Wright, the American ambassador, formerly governor of the Philippine Islands; enjoyed a ten minutes' chat with him. A careful talker; one who knows how to sum up conditions.

In the afternoon watched a regiment of Japanese cavalry drill. Japanese are not accustomed to using horses on farm work, as it is not a grazing or livestock country, and they are not the natural horsemen that you find among hundreds of thousands of Americans. Their horses are a scrawny lot; the Japs' legs are too short to make good horsemen, and their performance was very much like the grand afterpiece of a modern circus, where dozens of monkeys are tied on Shetland ponies and turned loose.

Entrance, Russian Legation—Tokio

The government realized in the late war, when they came in contact with the Russian Cossacks, their defects in this branch of their service, and they now have large breeding farms in northern Japan, 150 miles above Tokio, well stocked with the best Australian and American breeds, and propose to improve this branch of the service, but they can't make good horsemen in one generation. For some reason, not quite understood, blooded horses and cattle soon degenerate in Japan, and constant importations are necessary to keep them up anywhere near the standard. I think it largely due to lack of proper nourishment; not being a livestock country, good hay and grain is not to be had unless imported.

In the evening a reception was given at the Imperial Hotel, which was in honor of a Japanese ambassador leaving for his work abroad and General Kuroki leaving on his American tour. It was attended by the leading government officials; the commanders of Japan's army and navy. My courier knew them all, and pointed them out to me by



Load of Bamboo Poles

name. I can only remember a few. Count Oyami, Gen. Nogi, Gen. Kuroki, Admiral Togo and the Baron, who attended the peace conference at Portsmouth. A unique affair.

The representatives of the army and navy were resplendent in their gold-laced uniforms, the work of modern tailors. The government officials did not, however, look quite as attractive. A comic artist looking for a ludicrous subject, would merely have sketched them as they were. Their full-dress and Prince Albert suits were made on wonderful and mysterious lines, and their silk hats of uncertain antiquity; little narrow rims on great broad-faced men; wide rims that almost hid their features on little narrow-faced men, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten, and to add to the oddity of the scene, the ladies were all dressed in ancient style, kimonos, wooden shoes, etc., and their hair, always attractively dressed, was decorated with many beautiful combs.

Saturday, April 13

Went down to Yokohama to get our mail and to see some friends sail at 3 p. m., on the steamer "Siberia," Pacific Mail line. Went out in the hotel launch to where she was anchored in the bay; almost wished we were going home on her. A fine ship, fifty per cent. larger than the "China" and two-thirds of the size of the "Mongolia." We

stood on the hotel porch and watched her steam out of the breakwater, down the harbor, until she passed out of sight, homeward bound on her long voyage of 5,500 miles.

Spent the evening in the room of Mr. and Mrs. Mullen, of San Francisco, at Hotel Imperial, Tokio. They were at our table on the "Mongolia" from Honolulu, and both played our national game well.

Sunday, April 14

Up early and left for Nikko, ninety miles to the north, five hours by railroad. The road for most of the distance runs through a very large fertile valley, watered by the Tamagawa river, which is navigable for some distance from its mouth, where it empties into Yeddo Bay. This valley is from ten to thirty miles wide and probably 100 miles

Japanese Funeral—Yokohama

long. The farmers seemed more prosperous, many living on their places and not all huddled together as in the southern districts, around Kobe and Kyoto. The farms, although mere garden patches, seem to be held in larger tracts also. Such perfect farming I never saw. Every place where there is room for a grain to grow one has been planted, and is growing; not too thick, not too thin, for like the cultivation, the planting is all done by hand and with a precision that means no waste, and never a weed in sight. An occasional horse is used by the farmers in these parts, short, stocky fellows with heavy manes and tails. They come from northern Japan, where they raise some few horses.

Another broad highway similar to the Tokioda from Kyoto to Tokio, the Nikko branch; in fact, called the Nikko Kioda, is crossed twenty-five miles from Nikko, and followed closely until Nikko is reached. This broad highway was also traveled in ancient times by the envoys of the Mikado, bearing gifts to the mausoleum of Ieyasu, the first Shogun buried at Nikko. We came in sight of a beautiful snow-capped range of mountains as we neared Nikko. We found the Kanaya Hotel at Nikko, run by Japanese, cosy and comfortable; were assigned rooms facing the river, with a fine view of the sacred bridge. A dainty little Jap maid, who spoke

about a dozen words of English, brought us some tea and toast and cakes as soon as we reached our rooms. Nikko is a picturesque spot at the base of snow-clad mountains, 2,000 feet higher than Tokio. There are many pretty cascades within a radius of a few miles, and a grand forest surrounding the town, making it a favorite summer resort.

Monday, April 15

Thirty days hence we will have completed our tour and be in San Francisco. We began the day by paying our respects to the memory of Ieyasu, the first of the fifteen Shoguns of the Tokugawa family, of which we have read so much since our trip to Japan became a certainty, and which was the real incentive of our pilgrimage to Nikko. We crossed the river on the footbridge built by the side of the sacred bridge, which is said to be erected at the exact spot where Shodo Shonin,

Nantai-Zan Mountain, from Nikko—On very top of forest-clad Mountain in foreground is the Tomb of Ieyasu, the first Shogun

a Buddhist saint, crossed A. D. 768, when he founded the first Buddhist temple. It is a beautiful piece of work, gold lacquered, sixty feet long, recently built in place of the one destroyed by flood a few years ago, and cost 100,000 yen. It is used only by the gods when they go to the temple, which is always in the night time. Jap gods always keep late hours.

Two rows of giant cryptomerie trees, 1,000 yards long, from 150 to 200 feet tall, line the broad passageway to the entrance of the gate of the temple. A great pagoda stands in the left of the inside of the entrance. A stable, containing a sacred horse, kept for the use of the god, stands on the right. No one sees the god, of course, when he goes rough-riding, for this feat is also done at night, when there are no newspaper reporters around.

Sacred Bridge—Nikko

One thing which impressed me was that this god should change veterinary surgeons, for the sacred animal has a very bad splint that needs attention.

A number of handsome buildings are inside the lower court, that contain an elaborate collection of treasures, the property of the deceased. The wood carving on some of the buildings is wonderful. The gate of the third court would make a study for days; wonderful not alone for the work itself, but in the development of the thoughts of the weird imagination that would lead to such picturesque hideousness as they have carved. One of the mythological animals called "Baku" resembles a goat, has nine tails, four ears, its eyes are on its back, the trunk of an

Entrance to Shinto Temple at Tomb of Ieyasu, first Shogunate of the Tokugawa Families—Mrs. Price in foreground; Pilgrims ascending Steps

elephant, eyes like a rhinoceros, and the joints of its hind legs are bent in the wrong direction.

The second and third court, leading to the entrance of the mortuary temple, contain many massive bronze lanterns, bell towers, bronze lions, tigers, dragons, and the two sacred dogs of Korea guard the entrance. Although nothing like the money has been expended on this temple that marks the unlimited extravagance of the temple of the second Shogun at Shiba Park, at Tokio, this one is much more impressive and larger, and is the most magnificent Shinto temple in Japan; 600,000 yen ($300,000) has just been expended in redecorating and 200,000 to 400,000 yen will be required to complete the work. That is going some in a country where

Tomb of Ieyasu—First Shogun of the Tokugawa Family

people live on dried fish and rice and work for twenty to fifty cents a day The dazzle of the heathenish splendor of the great temple fades into insignificance when compared to Nature's decorations around the tomb, which is on the mountain side, reached by a broad flight of 250 stone steps, a spot where only the noonday sun penetrates. Here thousands of the monarchs of the forest, the giant cryptomerie trees, swing to and fro like sentinels guarding the tomb of this famous ruler.

Tuesday, April 16

Quite cold; charcoal fires set in open bowls are scattered around the dining-room. Little chubby-faced Jap women bow and ask you if you think it cold. We began the day by taking rikishas to Imaichi, through the lane of

Bank at Imaichi

cryptomerie trees on the Nikko Kioda road for four miles. Some of the great trees are being destroyed, yet the route is beautiful; but in a few years they will all be gone and the famous highway will become merely an ordinary public road. The little town of Imaichi, purely Japanese, was quite a curiosity; a trading place for the farmers where they sell their rice, matting, rice-straw for matting and other native products. Buyers from the big markets come here and buy these products for export—quite a central market-place. On our way we met pilgrims enroute to Nikko to attend a religious festival on the seventeenth. Among the motley stragglers was a Shinto priest thumping a drum; a miserable leper crawling on his hands and knees, his wife carrying all their

Street Scene—Imaichi

possessions on her back, their little girl beating a drum to attract attention so as to ask for coppers.

In the afternoon we started our caravan to Kirifuri Falls, four miles away; one man in front and two pushmen for each rikisha, and the guide made ten men, but it was a rough road. At one place the men had to carry the rikishas on their backs and all hands walked. For my part, I always walk up hill for these poor fellows, no matter how many we may have along. A Mexican burro could not earn an honest living carrying a load in this country in competition with Jap coolies. We stopped at a teahouse on the hilltop opposite the falls, where we had a fine view of the falls and the whole valley to the south-east.

Our Caravan—Nikko-Kiodo

It was near dusk when we returned, quite tired. Half-way down we met an Englishman on foot, who inquired the distance to the falls. We saw him an hour later at the hotel, and he told us he had "quite enough of it" when he reached a teahouse at dark and they told him it was half-way. Quite a lot of English travelers all over Japan. They carry "luggage" by the dozen pieces. No matter how small the town, how poor the hotel or how very inconsistent it may seem, the Englishman dons his Tuxedo for dinner. On a sheep ranch in the wilds of Australia, or a cattle ranch in western Texas, when his evening meal is served, he must dress like they do in dear old London. It is all very nice, but when they pile suit-cases all over you in those little railway "carriages" the average traveler begins to figure how many pieces of baggage less there would be

Carrying Rikishas over bad piece of road—Nikko to Kirifuri Falls

if they were not so loyal to British customs. One had with him a leather hat case with Bombay, Cairo and Hong Kong hotel labels on it. I began to think he was the son of a Lord, until I saw him open it and saw it filled with guide-books and maps.

We spent little time in shops at Nikko. They make much quaint wood work, beautifully carved, and show some very unique wood paintings. There is no doubt about Japanese painting being a work of art, but the style is so lacking in detail that few foreigners care for it. It is also a great market for furs from northern Japan, and I presume many are from Siberia, but neither the quality nor the manner in which they are dressed, compares with the furs sold in Montreal, Canada.

Wednesday, April 17

Left Nikko for Yokohama, via Tokio, at 9 a. m.; enjoyed the daylight ride down the valley; had a fine chance to see the Jap farmers at work. Everybody travels third-class, except the foreigners and a very few of the better class Japs, who travel second-class. Third-class travelers are simply packed aboard like sheep. Changed cars at Tokio, crossed the city in rikishas, sent our courier to hotel for our trunks, which we did not take to Nikko, and caught express train for

Yokohama. Depot at Tokio nicely decorated in honor of Gen. Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, who landed in Yokohama from Seattle on steamship "Minnesota." At Yokohama we lost not a second getting to Cook's office for our mail; received only one letter, dated March twenty-third. It reached here April fourteenth, twenty-two days enroute.

I see our courier nod at army officers, and yesterday I heard him talking French. To-day I asked him if he spoke French, and he said "no." He told about how the German naval officers do when in port. Next day I asked him if he was ever on a German warship, and he said: "Yes, many times." He knows a lot he never told any reporter. I also learn he spent much time in the

The future Army and Navy of Japan

U. S. A., and is quite familiar with things in and around Washington, D. C., but he has had very little experience with Chicago ladies, I can tell from the way he is getting along with my traveling companion. He is willing to enter into discussions which always end in finally having to do as he is first told.

Thursday, April 18

The madam is having some Chinese tailoring done; silk dresses; they are cheap, good material and fairly well made. A number of Chinese firms in the tailoring business; with the exception of silk, all material comes from London. No duty of any consequence, but they use American fashion plates. Japan has no wool industry to protect, consequently fabrics are lower in price than at home, and their labor very cheap. Twenty-five dollars, gold, buys a good suit, equal in value to one selling for forty-five to fifty dollars at home. While not cut in first-class style, they fit fairly well and are made substantially. I ordered a ponge silk coat and two pair of pants for twenty-six dollars. An almond-eyed celestial, with a long cue, a sort of skirt on, his shirt-tail hanging on the outside, a vest on the outside of his coat, measured me. He sang off the measures to another Hong Kong Christmas tree, and I said to myself: "Here goes twenty-six dollars, for I'll never

wear this stuff;" but when he tried it on me a day or two later, I was surprised to find it a passably good fit. The firm, "Ah Shing & Co.," do a good business with foreigners and have many European customers all over interior Japan, for Yokohama is about the only place in Japan where any decent tailoring is done. I went in to see them today; the place was filled with customers and the "boss man" was seated in a chair and a Chinese barber was shaving his head, combing his long hair and plaiting his cue. Business went on just the same.

In the afternoon went with Mr. Corrigan, of Cleveland, to look over the Northern Pacific steamship "Minnesota," the sister ship of the ill-fated "Dakota," just arrived from Seattle, bound for Hong Kong. She is the largest steamer on the Pacific, equal in every respect except speed, and in many respects more comfortable than any Atlantic liner.

Cherry Blossoms—Tokio

The staterooms are, as a rule, more roomy and the beds are much larger; a floating palace, so large the company cannot make her pay. For the first time since she has been on the route, five years, she has a full load on her return voyage. Her early spring and late fall and winter trips take her so far north as to make it unpleasant for passengers, and the subsidized English and Jap lines to Vancouver and Seattle underbid them on freight. Pacific Mail steamer "China" in the harbor, bound for San Francisco. We were comfortable on her from San Francisco to Honolulu, even in a heavy storm. She looked like a yacht lying alongside the giant "Minnesota;" 10,800 tons as compared to 30,000 tons, but if I were anywhere on earth and the two ships were about to sail to my destination and I was told we would have to pass through a typhoon, I would choose the "China." Mr. Corrigan, who is an old seafaring man and owner of a fleet of steamers on the Great Lakes, seemed to know all the good points of the big steamer "Minnesota," and the visit with him was a real treat.

Friday, April 19

For the first time since in Japan, we discarded the railway and rikishas for a team, and drove to Kamakura, sixteen miles. A beautiful day, and the ride gave us an opportunity to see a lot of Jap country life. There are a few roads around Yokohama, it being somewhat modern, but they are very narrow; no room to pass any vehicle, and when one is met everybody stops and, after lifting and twisting, finally pass. They need the ground for farming, and consider a wagon road and fences luxuries. The route lay through broken hills, where every little tillable spot is closely cultivated. Quaint villages of odd-shaped little houses dot the little valleys. Little shrines and picturesque pagodas here and there the entire distance, until Kamakura

Country farm houses near Yokohama

is reached, which was once the capital of eastern Japan until Yeddo was founded in the fifteenth century. It was a city of great importance; in the twelfth century it is said to have had 1,000,000 population; now nothing but a quiet fishing village, with only a few hundred residents.

The houses of the ancient royalty and the government buildings were not as substantial as those of ancient southern Europe, and the ravages of time have entirely destroyed them; while in southern Europe, especially in Italy, many buildings one thousand years old are found in fairly good state of preservation. In some respects there are evidences of similar devotions to tombs and places of worship, for many of them, some one thousand years old, are in a fairly good state of preservation, and

Cherry Blossoms at Gate, Hachiman Temple, built in the Twelfth Century

the oldest of the temples are used at the present time. Ancient temple gates, beautifully carved temples, giant idols, broad avenues among magnificent trees in beautiful but now mostly deserted grounds, give the visitor an idea of the former grandeur of this ancient heathen metropolis. The temple of Hachiman, the Diabutsa, or Great Bronze Buddha, are the most interesting among the many sights of the place.

We climbed the broad flight of stone steps to this temple, looked at the historical relics, many of the most valuable in Japan, listened to our courier's story of Yoritoma, who established the Shogunate in 1192, and laid the foundation of the feudal system of government that lasted until 1868, nearly 800 years. Had his modest tomb pointed out to us, and ended our sight-seeing by visiting the great bronze Buddha standing in front of it, and having our photographs taken. No one is allowed to photograph the statue, all rights being reserved. There is so much to be seen, so much to read about, so much to listen to, about this strange country, that no-one can absorb more than a limited amount of information, and no doubt I get some of it mixed, and time and space forbids attempting any elaborate or accurate description, but this immense image deserves some space.

It is described as being forty-nine feet seven inches high, circumference ninety-seven feet two inches, length of face eight feet five inches; eyes are of pure gold; image is of bronze sheets, cast separately and brazed together and finished off on the outside by chisel. Not quite as large as the Diabutsa at Nara, but said to have much better features. Built in the twelfth century, and enclosed in a building fifty yards square, which was destroyed A. D. 1494 (two years after Columbus discovered America), and ever since the image has had no protection from the elements. So far as the eye can see, it has suffered but little damage. Situated in a rocky glen, surrounded by beautiful trees, it presents a weird sight to people from a land where they are taught, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

The drive to Yokohama ended our day, and we have visited our last temple. All the thousands we have not seen are now barred; our remaining eight days will be devoted to getting idols, Jap gods, dragons and evil-eyed monsters out of our dreams. Like cathedrals in the old world, temples are in Japan one of the sights. After seeing a few of the most historical ones, and spending the time necessary to learn something of their history, the ordinary traveler becomes quite satisfied and begins to consult the time-card of the departing steamers.

Saturday, April 20

The event of the day was the departure for America of the Pacific Mail steamship "China," which sailed at 3 p. m. It carried home our last mail.

The Grand Hotel, where we stopped, is on "The Bund;" the water front (only a street) separates the front piazza from the sea wall; the finest water front view I ever saw used by a hotel. Yokohama harbor lies before you, with its hundreds of sea-going craft flying the flags of almost every nation. Every vessel passing in and out the harbor to the sea is in plain view from the hotel. At this time, only a few hundred yards away, are big watch-dogs of the English, German, Italian and American navies, straining lazily at anchor. Here, the same as in any important

Monument erected to the Memory of the Japanese who died in the Jap-Russian War—Kamakura

seaport of the world, Great Britain shows to the best advantage. She figures her navy as a mercantile firm figures insurance—a business necessity, and they are dead right. A big 20,000-ton battleship will command more respect than a continent filled with bibles, tracts and wild-eyed theorists on the doctrine of "brotherly love."

Sunday, April 21

A very pleasant day. Spent the afternoon in rikishas, south of the city; rode along a high bluff, where the finest European homes are located. A splendid view of the bay. Had a brief rest at a teahouse in a little village, and returned by the way of the racecourse of the Yokohama Jockey Club, an organization composed of foreign residents, principally Englishmen. They have some very good horses, English bred, all from Australia; a few English jockeys, but they experience the difficulty mentioned before in reference to high-bred stock doing well in Japan, largely, they think, due to lack of nourishment, so they are shipping oats and hay from California at an enormous cost. Hay, forty dollars in gold per ton. An English gentleman,

Somebody's Darling—Kyoto

whom I met on the road on a splendid saddle horse, and of whom I inquired where the animal was from, informed me he was from Australia, and asked me over to his barn on the racecourse near by, and showed me several good ones. What a relief to see a few good horses in a country where no attention has been paid to raising fine stock of any kind.

This is our day of rest. The Christian Sabbath is partially observed in a few of the large cities in Japan. European business houses, banks and government buildings are not opened. Japan has no national religion. The Orient is the ground where the followers of the world's four greatest religious teachers meet — Confuscius, Mohammed, Buddha and Jesus Christ. The exponents of the doctrine of Jesus Christ, the youngest of the four, find many able men and sharp critics among the religious teachers of the ancient doctrines. The Japanese have been very hospitable to the teachers of the Christian faith, but the masses show but little interest. The doctrine of eternal punishment does not appeal to them, and no converts are made on its popularity. The Buddhists are worshipers of their ancestors. We all are to a certain extent. In our own country we have the F. F. V.'s, the Daughters of the Revolution, Descendants of First Cabin Passengers (and steerage as well) of the Mayflower,

and who can beat a titled Englishman when it comes to worshiping ancestors; but when you tell with a solemn face a Jap Buddhist that his ancestors are probably now in the infernal regions, that suits him all right; he is willing to go where they are. So, I am told, that the doctrine of eternal punishment is now not mentioned by the pathfinders of the Christian faith in Japan; that probably can be dropped by universal consent.

Monday, April 22

Mr. Corrigan and his friends arrived last night. Many other steamer acquaintances are arriving from Japan, going home on the "Mongolia." At 6 p. m. Pacific Mail office received telegram saying the "Mongolia" went ashore on Shimonoseki Straits at the western end of the inland sea, a spot where there is a terrific current. She was in charge of a pilot, so the captain cannot be blamed if she is put out of business. If permanently disabled, no telling when we can get accommodations home, for everything good and bad for America is booked up to June twelfth. If bad comes to worse, we can go home via Trans-Siberia railroad from Vladivostock, via Moscow, to Berlin. We can always get ships home from the Atlantic side. Counting some stops, we can reach Berlin in eighteen days, and about nine from there

home. We can go on around and reach Chicago in thirty days easily, but I don't like the Siberian railroad prospect, although many Americans who neglected to secure return passage over Pacific steamship lines, are now compelled to choose between the Siberian railroad route and the route via Singapore and Suez. Everyone at this time of the year is choosing the former on account of less heat and it being much quicker.

Tuesday, April 23

Up early; saw all offices of steamship liners to America. Siberian route the only chance to get home by July if the "Mongolia" has to go to dry-dock. Pacific Mail Company posted notice at 10:30 a. m.: "Mongolia floated." Nobody can tell how badly damaged she is until insurance inspectors go over her. They may refuse to let her make the voyage. Will await developments. Have all plans ready to go via Siberia; can start in forty-eight hours; soon as can go to Tokio and get passports. Had my telegram written to wire Cook's office to issue me additional letter-of-credit, when Mr. Corrigan, the Cleveland multi-millionaire, said he had a very large letter-of-credit with him and would cash my personal check for a couple of thousand, gold, which staggered me for a mere steamer acquaintance to make such an offer.

Spent much time today around factories and shops. Shoeshops are as plentiful here as at home. All Japs wear some kind of foot gear, a sandal, wooden clog, occasionally a leather shoe patterned after the American style and made by American machinery. Much American leather is also used; American made sewing machines, typewriters, musical instruments, telephones, clocks, watches, machinery, railroad engines in limited numbers, are generally used throughout Japan. It is said the Japs buy only a few and make copies. They do to a certain extent, but they cannot always succeed in imitation, for cheap as their labor is, it cannot compete with our modern machinery.

As in the case of making watches, the Swiss work cheap, but American-made watches are sold the world over. The same with sewing machines, typewriters and many other American-made patented articles that are protected by treaties. There is no doubt about the Japanese being very clever at using the inventions and productions of others. While he himself is not essentially creative, evidences of clever imitation are seen on every hand all over Japan, but original inventions of modern things are very scarce.

Nothing I can mention more clearly illustrates this to be an absolute fact than their representative form of government adopted

during the life of the present generation. The organization of their army and navy under instructors from England, Germany, France and Italy; schools, newspapers, boards of trade, banks, street car lines, currency, corporation organization, the organization of nearly all public service utilities such as railroads, and many other things too numerous to mention, are copied from their friends across the Pacific—the U. S. A.

A good story is told, which, true or not, very aptly illustrates their passion for imitating the work of others. An American naval officer placed an order with a Japanese tailor for half-a-dozen outing suits, to be made of pongee silk, upon condition that they would be made exactly like a copy the officer furnished—a suit made by a New York tailor sometime ago. The half-dozen suits were made and delivered, all six made exactly like the sample suit in every particular, including two patches on the seat of the trousers.

Last news we had before going to bed was that the "Mongolia" has been floated, found not to have been damaged, has been reloaded and is now on her way to Yokohama. Welcome news, for although we expect to see Siberia some day, we are not prepared to do so at this time, and much prefer returning home by the route planned.

Wednesday, April 24

Received cards from Ambassador Wright, at Tokio, inviting us to the Imperial garden party given at Tokio on the twenty-sixth. Not feeling very well, and had to decline the honor.

Thursday, April 25

Received a cablegram from home, saying they had cabled additional funds to me care Yokohama Specia Bank, and inquired if I would be able to return on the "Mongolia." Presume they had read of her mishap and thought possibly she could not make the voyage. I had mentioned in one of my letters that transportation was all booked for months ahead, via Pacific Ocean routes, and they doubtless figured I would have to return via Europe, so they acted promptly. The "Mongolia" reported at Kobe.

Jap Wedding; moving the Bride's Belongings—Tokio

Friday, April 26

The "Mongolia" steamed slowly into the outer harbor at 8 a. m., dropped anchor one mile outside the breakwater, and awaited the arrival of the quarantine officers. At 11 a. m. she was still there with her yellow flag flying, showing she was not past quarantine. At noon ugly rumors began to float around that she would be held. Some said it was on account of smallpox, and others said it was a case of bubonic plague. The former meant a day or two of delay, the latter possibly ten days. On seeing her first enter the harbor I cabled home: "Sail tomorrow, 'Mongolia.'" I wished I had not been so sure. At 4 p. m. she weighed anchor and steamed down the bay, and we learned that one of the quartermasters was taken down with smallpox since leaving Kobe, and the ship had gone to the quarantine station down the bay to be disinfected. A few gave

River Junks—Yokohama

up their passage on hearing it was an officer, and some Englishmen went the Vladivostock route, through Siberia. For my part, I would as soon have the smallpox as to go that way under present conditions. Fancy a fifteen-day trip on a railroad where no one speaks English, where all time-cards, bills-of-fare, etc., are in a foreign language.

Saturday, April 27

Notices posted stating that the "Mongolia" would sail Sunday at 3 p. m., or twenty-four hours late, set at ease the minds of the many passengers, who had become somewhat bewildered by the recent unfortunate mishaps to the "Mongolia," yet everyone had perfect confidence in the great ship and her able commander, Captain Hathaway, who had shown such excellent seamanship in getting his ship floated from the bar at Shimonoseki Straits without damage. When all packed, ready to start on a journey, such delays are seemingly of more importance than they really are.

Sunday, April 28

The "Mongolia," lying at anchor in the harbor, was our first sight on awakening. Bills were paid; the many rikisha men were busy for hours getting the anxious travelers to the wharf. Captain Hathaway remained

anchored outside the breakwater, seemingly determined on not taking any chances of any further delay by accident, as his ship was heavily loaded and drawing thirty-two feet of water. All went aboard by launches. Promptly at 4 p. m. anchor was hoisted, whistles from ships and tugs sounded their good-byes, which were answered by blasts from the "Mongolia," as she swung slowly around and started down the bay on her 5,500 mile voyage.

As I stood on the deck of the steamer, and watched the shores of Japan fade in the distance, I began to realize that my brief visit had ended, and the thought flashed across my mind: "What have I seen, what have I learned, and what are my conclusions?" I have seen a nation in a state of evolution. While feudalism has gone from Japan forever, the relics of the days of the Shoguns are yet on every hand, and are in such strange contrast with the European garb the nation is fast assuming, that one feels that he has been looking at two different worlds at the same time.

Here, side by side, we see the automobile and the rikisha, the locomotive and the human horse, the modern department store and the little open shop with its simple native wares, kimono-clad natives with wooden clogs, riding bicycles and operating typewriters;

officers of the army dressed in spurred boots and uniforms of the most modern pattern, attending public functions accompanied by their wives and daughters dressed in the ancient costumes of 1,000 years ago; giant men-of-war ride at anchor by the side of wooden sampans, and here and there an humble Christian church stands in the shadow of richly carved heathen temples and their thousand idols. It all has a meaning. It means that the outpost of darkest Asia is being penetrated by the light of the civilization of modern nations, and Japan will in turn reflect this civilization and customs to the lands beyond. A small nation, with very limited natural resources, but rich in practical economy, ambition and intense patriotism, and governed by wise rulers.

Catholic Church—Kyoto

Japan, like Great Britain, has an unlimited amount of coal and cheap labor, and to give employment to this vast population is the problem that confronts their government today. They must be employed, and their earning capacity increased in order to maintain the Anglo-Saxon form of government and the expensive civilization they are endeavoring to assume. That they aspire to be the Great Britain of the Orient there is no doubt. Buying raw materials, manufacturing them into finished products, transporting both the raw materials and the finished products in ships flying the Union Jack, made Great Britain what she is today, and why not Japan? True, they have many problems to solve, and will encounter many pitfalls along the road to success.

The intense hatred of Russia and jealousy of China, both smarting under the defeat in recent wars, means that Japan, in pushing her trade in that direction, will not be met by friendly competition, but of her ultimate success there can be no doubt. They have the civilization of the modern world before them, and can select from it the best methods, without the necessity of much expensive experimenting, which will enable them to develop rapidly and to accomplish in a few years what has required the original designers of modern nations hundreds of years to perfect.

As a neighbor and a competitor, we have in Japan very little to fear. A civilized nation uses more of everything than a nation of heathens, and they should be welcomed into the councils of the world's great Powers, and as their wealth increases, so will their responsibility increase, and the less liable they will be to commit any breach of courtesy towards us; and while they progress and develop we will not be standing still, and the difference between their present influence, wealth and civilization and our own will be more marked in twenty years than it is today, for Japan is not alone in rapid development.

The whole world, of which Japan is but a dot, is developing, and it must not be forgotten that there is a vast difference between developing an over-populated, uneducated nation, with few natural resources and a worn-out soil, and a nation well educated, under-populated, living in an undeveloped land, with almost unlimited natural resources.

Our country has always played the game of international diplomacy open and above board, with all her cards on the table, and wise treaties with Japan, as well as China, should be made on the same broad plan we deal with Germany or England. To prohibit immigration from Japan or China would be foolish; to restrict it would be wise. The same can be said of Russia or Italy.

There are, I am told, in Germany 30,000 Chinese students, who will average a five-year course of study. Their places will be taken by 30,000 more. These young men will be the leaders in Chinese government and commerce. One can well imagine the chance the U. S. A. will have in Chinese commerce twenty years from now, with the majority of their leading men speaking the German language and trained in German schools.

Far better it would be for us if we paid more attention to our naturalization laws, for our country needs more of a certain class of laborers to assist in developing our vast resources and can safely absorb and assimilate a reasonable number of sound, able-bodied emigrants from all parts of the world; but this doesn't mean that every Russian revolutionist, Italian anarchist, German socialist, pig-tailed Chinese or slant-eyed Jap, raised under conditions entirely different from our own, and who had little or no voice in governing their own country, should be permitted to become full-fledged citizens, permitted to hold office and to have a voice in our government in five short years. That is the danger point we have sighted and are nearing.

Our voyage across the Pacific was favored by the finest of weather conditions. The big steamer made good, and the many unavoidable mishaps of the early part of the voyage were forgotten. Captain Hathaway and his able officers made it a trip ever to be remembered. For seventeen days we basked in continuous sunshine and gentle zephyrs. The ship's storeroom seemed inexhaustible, and we were served with all the delicacies of the season from a supply laid in cold storage at San Francisco for a round-trip voyage to Hong Kong, a distance of 15,000 miles. We had a fine suite of three rooms, with a private bath, on the upper deck, and enjoyed all the comforts of home, and it was with genuine regret we saw the closing days of the delightful voyage approaching.

At 2 p. m., May fourteenth, we sighted the Farelone Islands. In a few moments after, the pilot came aboard, brought the first American papers seen for weeks, and in due time we landed safely in San Francisco. A brief rest there, a day or two in Salt Lake City, and we reached Chicago safely on May twenty-second, ending a tour of 6,000 miles on American railroads, 11,000 miles of voyage by sea, on a steamship built in America and flying the stars and stripes.

The events and sights of the ninety days' trip passed like a fleeting panorama. The few I have jotted down in this log will assist in revising the memory of many that otherwise would be forgotten.

Nothing I have seen impressed and pleased me quite as favorably as the courteous manners of the Japanese people. The Frenchman's politeness may not be sincere; the Englishman of the "better than thou" sort; the German too harsh; the American too hasty; but there is a charm about the profound bow and polite demeanor of the Jap people that has the stamp of sincerity. It is surely a national trait; one of the things they have not copied or borrowed. Everywhere we were received politely and accorded the greatest courtesy. Not a disagreeable word did we hear spoken, and with the exception of the few lepers around the temples, not a beggar did we see while in the land of the Mikado.

End

686

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